

TERROR



NO. 18

JUN-JULY

THE CRYPT OF

STORY



10¢

TERROR

INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...

**ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSTORIES**
WE DARE YOU TO READ!

I'VE SEEN PLENTY
OF STIFFS IN MY YEARS
AROUND THIS PLACE... BUT THIS
IS THE FIRST ONE THAT HAS EVER
REALLY AFFECTED ME! THERE'S
SOMETHING WEIRD AND
FRIGHTENING ABOUT
IT!

CITY
MORGUE



IN THIS ISSUE:

THEY FOUND HIM IN A BACK
ALLEY AND BROUGHT HIM TO
THE CITY MORGUE... AN UN-
IDENTIFIED CADAVRE! BUT
THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A
LIVING CORPSE!

I-FISH
CRAID

ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!



NO. 2
DEC

TALES



150
190
CANADA

FROM THE

CRYPT

®

TER
ROR

INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...

ILLUSTRATED

SUSPENSTORIES

WE DARE YOU TO READ!

I'VE SEEN PLENTY
OF *STIFFS* IN MY YEARS
AROUND THIS PLACE...BUT THIS
IS THE FIRST ONE THAT HAS EVER
REALLY AFFECTED ME! THERE'S
SOMETHING *WEIRD* AND
FRIGHTENING ABOUT
IT!

CITY
MORGUE

JOHNNY
CRAIG

IN THIS ISSUE:

THEY FOUND HIM IN A BACK
ALLEY AND BROUGHT HIM TO
THE CITY MORGUE...AN UN-
IDENTIFIED CADAVER! BUT
THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A...

LIVING CORPSE!

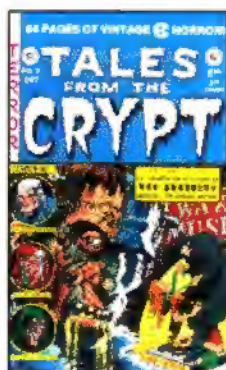
GET ANY OR ALL...

...OF THESE **EC COMICS** FROM **RUSS COCHRAN'S** REPRINT LINE! THE ENTIRE BACKLIST IS **STILL AVAILABLE** AND READY TO SHIP TO YOU! **NOW** IS THE TIME TO REVIEW YOUR COLLECTION AND FILL IN THOSE GAPS.

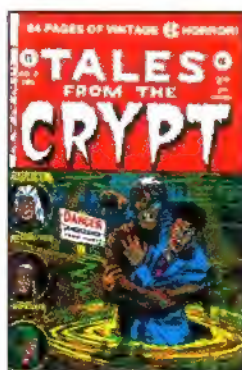
AND, WE ARE PLEASED TO BE ABLE TO OFFER TWO ISSUES FROM **EAST COAST'S** E.C. CLASSIC REPRINT LINE OF THE MID-70s. QUANTITY IS **VERY LIMITED** ON THESE, **FIRST COME-FIRST SERVED** ON THESE 32 PAGE COMICS.



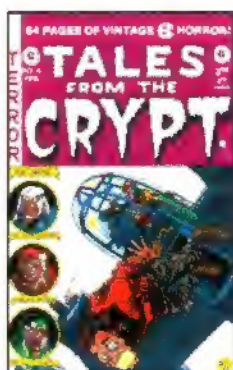
RCP CRYPT #1



RCP CRYPT #2



RCP CRYPT #3



RCP CRYPT #4



RCP CRYPT #5



RCP CRYPT #6



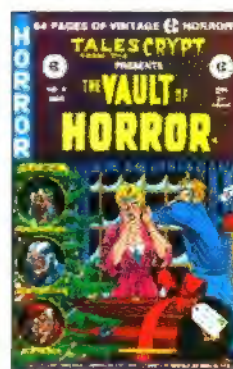
RCP VAULT #1



RCP VAULT #2



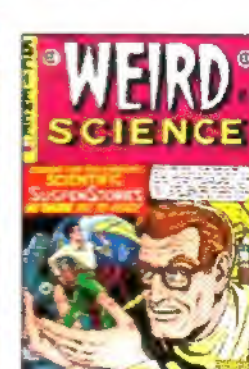
RCP VAULT #3



RCP VAULT #4



RCP VAULT #5



EAST COAST #11



RCP HAUNT #1



RCP HAUNT #2



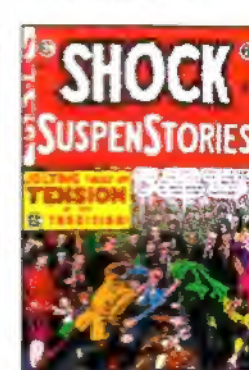
RCP HAUNT #3



RCP HAUNT #4



RCP HAUNT #5



EAST COAST #12

RCP CRYPT

#1: CRYPT 31 (1952)
CRIME 12 (1952)

#2: CRYPT 34 (1952)
CRIME 15 (1952)

#3: CRYPT 24 (1951)
CRIME 21 (1954)

#4: CRYPT 43 (1954)
CRIME 18 (1953)

#5: CRYPT 32 (1952)
CRIME 23 (1954)

#6: CRYPT 36 (1953)
CRIME 6 (1951)

RCP VAULT

#1: VAULT 28 (1952)
W SCI 18 (1952)

#2: VAULT 33 (1953)
W SCI 20 (1953)

#3: VAULT 26 (1952)
W SCI 7 (1951)

#4: VAULT 35 (1954)
W SCI 15 (1952)

#5: VAULT 18 (1951)
W SCI 11 (1951)

**CONTENTS OF
EAST COAST COMICS**
#11 W SCI 12 (1950)
32 page issue

RCP HAUNT

#1: HAUNT 14 (1952)
W FAN 13 (1952)

#2: HAUNT 18 (1953)
W FAN 14 (1952)

#3: HAUNT 19 (1953)
W FAN 18 (1953)

#4: HAUNT 16 (1952)
W FAN 15 (1952)

#5: HAUNT 27 (1954)
W FAN 22 (1953)

#12 SHOCK 2 (1952)
32 page issue

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **RCP (OR EAST COAST) TITLE ISSUE #**; FOR EXAMPLE "RCP CRYPT #1." RCP CRYPT #1 IS \$5., RCP CRYPT #2-4, RCP VAULT #1-3 AND RCP HAUNT #1-5 ARE \$2. EACH; ALL OTHER ISSUES ARE \$3. EACH. EAST COASTs ARE \$10 EACH. INCLUDE \$2 PER ORDER FOR S&H (\$3 OUTSIDE US).



Send orders to:

Russ Cochran, Publisher

417-256-2224

P.O. Box 469

West Plains, MO 65775

OR to order call **1-800-EC-CRYPT** and ask for the order desk. **USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!**

Tales from the Crypt No. 2, December 1992. Published quarterly in September, December, March and June by Russ Cochran, Publisher, 202 Aid, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. **Second-class postage paid at West Plains, MO.** Entire contents © 1992 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Crypt of Terror #18 © 1950 by I.C. Publishing Co., Inc., re © 1979 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate \$6 (\$9 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: send address changes to Tales from the Crypt, Russ Cochran, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.**

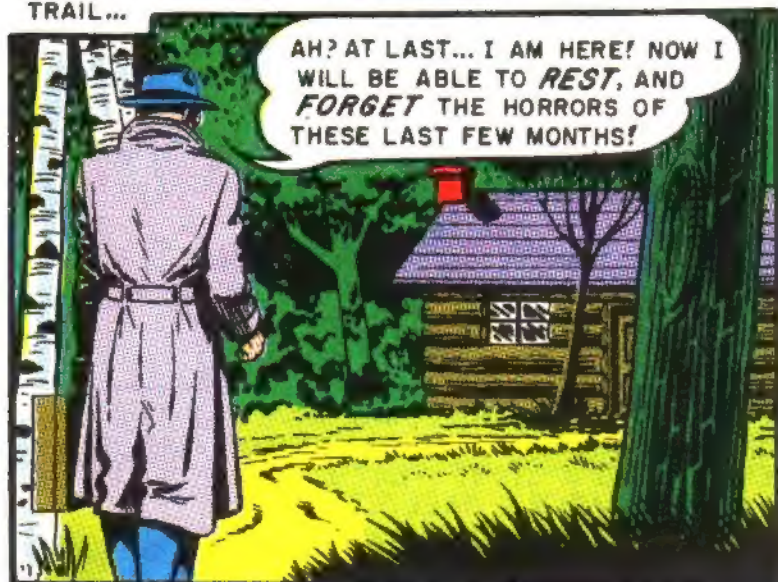
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

SO, WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE
CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS TIME, I HAVE DUG *DEEP* INTO MY COLLECTION
OF BLOOD-CURDLING TALES TO FIND A STORY THAT I'M *SURE* WILL
TERRIFY YOU! THIS *HAIR-RAISER* I CALL...

THE MAESTRO'S HAND!



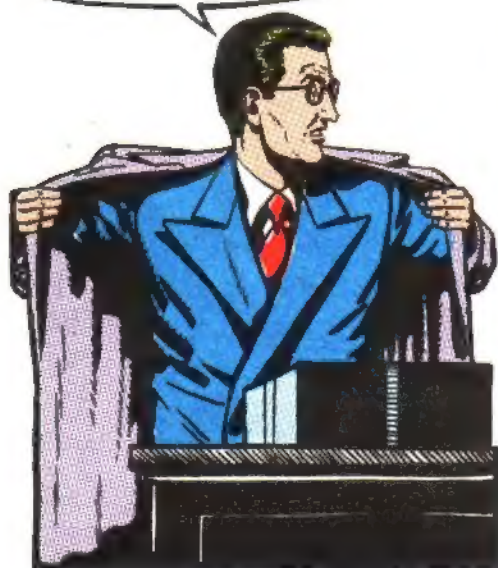
MY STORY BEGINS JUST OUTSIDE OF A DESERTED LOG CABIN IN A LONELY STRETCH OF WOODS! DOCTOR EMANUEL HELLMAN APPROACHES OVER AN OVERGROWN TRAIL...



AS THE DOCTOR UNLOCKS THE LONG-SEALED DOOR, HIS EYES FALL UPON...



I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE? BR-R-R-R! IT'S COLD! I'LL START A FIRE, FIRST!



AS THE GLOW OF THE FIRE PIERCES THE DIM INTERIOR OF THE CABIN, DR. HELLMAN SINKS WEARILY INTO A CHAIR...



AS THE FLAMES OF THE FIRE LEAP HIGHER...AND ITS WARMTH SPREADS THROUGH THE CABIN...DR. EMANUEL HELLMAN SITS STARING INTO ITS DANCING LIGHT...



YES, DOCTOR HELLMAN! YOU REMEMBER IT *WELL!* YOU HAD TAKEN YOUR FIANCEE, VIRGINIA CADDY, TO HEAR THE GREAT VLADIMIR BORRSTEIN PLAY...AND AS THE PIANO MUSIC GREW AND SWELLED TO ITS STIR-RING CRESCENDO...



YOU SAT THERE AND WATCHED VIRGINIA, AS THE CONCERT WENT ON! SHE LISTENED, ENTHRALLED... AND WHEN IT WAS OVER... SHE STOOD UP TO APPLAUD...



YOU OBJECTED, DR. HELLMAN... BUT IN THE END, YOU JOINED THE GROUP OF ADMIRERS CROWDED AROUND MAESTRO BORRSTEIN! VIRGINIA WORKED HER WAY FORWARD... AND THEN... THEIR EYES MET...



BRavo, MR. BORRSTEIN! YOU PLAYED... *SUPERBLY!*

WHY, THANK YOU SO MUCH, MISS... MISS...

CADDY! VIRGINIA CADDY! I WANT SO MUCH TO TALK TO YOU *AGAIN*... ABOUT YOUR MUSIC! WILL YOU CALL ME? I'M IN THE BOOK!

DELIGHTED... MISS CADDY! *DELIGHTED!*



...THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN! WHEN I SAW HER SMILE AT HIM LIKE THAT, I FELT MY FACE GROW HOT... AS NOW, FROM THE HEAT OF THE FIRE!



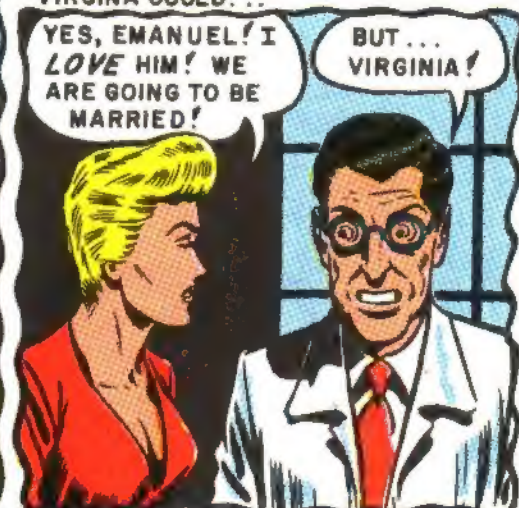
YES, DR. HELLMAN! THAT WAS THE BEGINNING... THE BEGINNING OF THE END! THEY SAW EACH OTHER MUCH AFTER THAT NIGHT...



WHY, VLADIMIR! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU *PAINTED!*

A LITTLE! DO YOU LIKE IT?

LIKED IT? SHE *LOVED* IT! SHE WAS MAD ABOUT *ANYTHING* HE DID! SHE HAD ALWAYS ADMIRED GENIUS... CREATIVE ABILITY! BORRSTEIN WAS THE ANSWER... THE TYPE OF MAN VIRGINIA COULD...



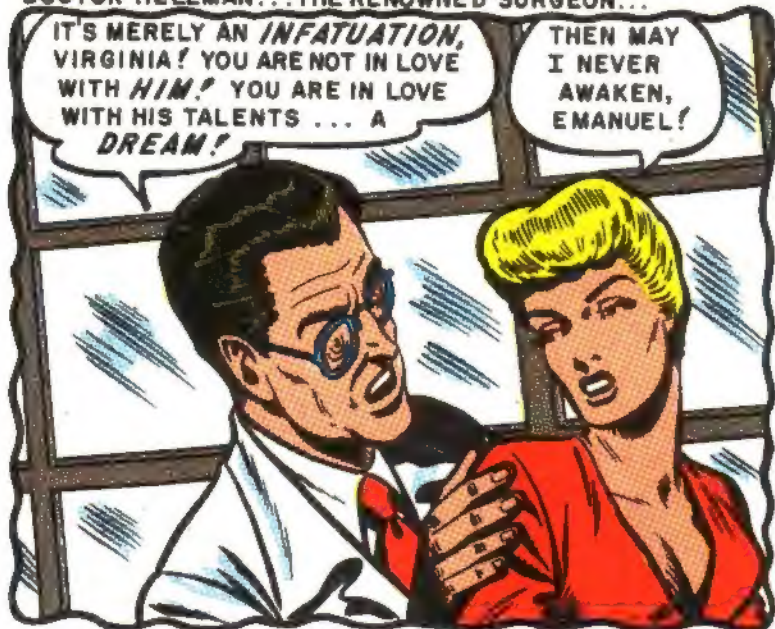
YES, EMANUEL! I *LOVE* HIM! WE ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED!

BUT... VIRGINIA!

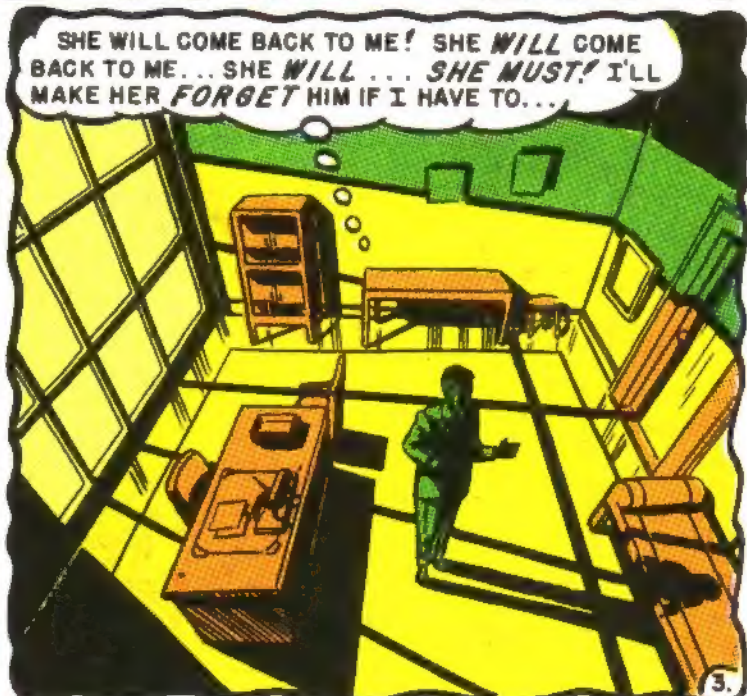
SHE GAVE YOU BACK HER RING! YOU... THE *GREAT* DOCTOR HELLMAN... THE RENOWNED SURGEON...

IT'S MERELY AN *INFATUATION*, VIRGINIA! YOU ARE NOT IN LOVE WITH *HIM*! YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH HIS TALENTS... A *DREAM!*

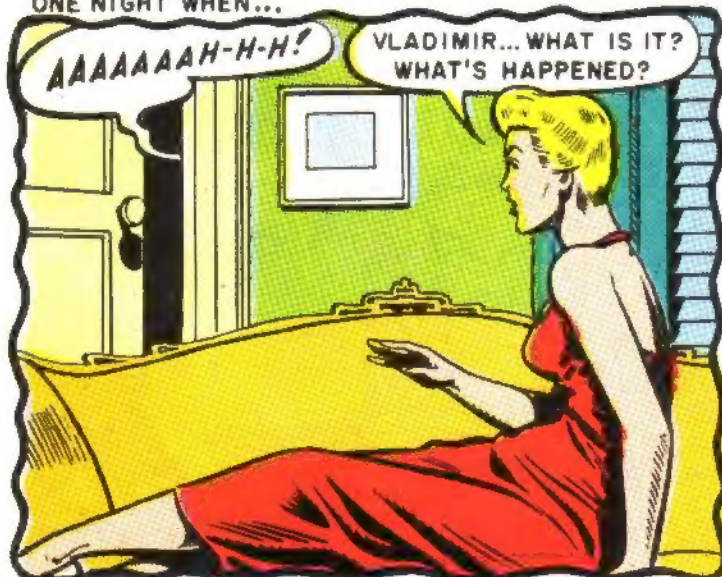
THEN MAY I NEVER AWAKEN, EMANUEL!



SHE WILL COME BACK TO ME! SHE *WILL* COME BACK TO ME... SHE *WILL*... SHE *MUST!* I'LL MAKE HER *FORGET* HIM IF I HAVE TO...



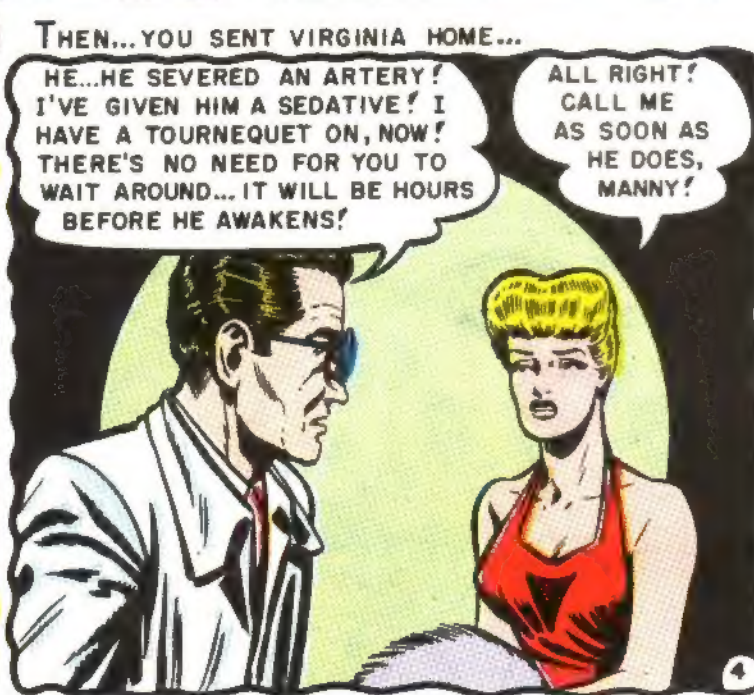
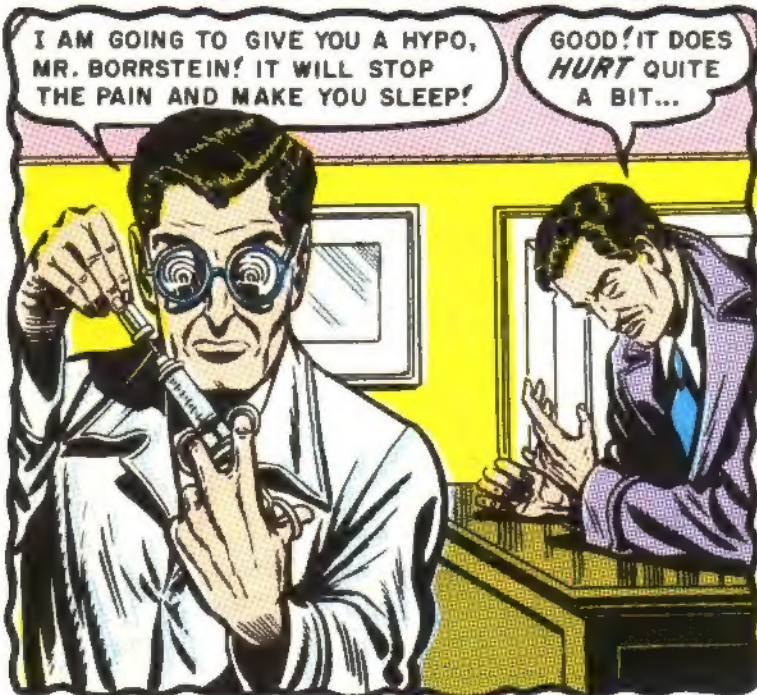
AH, DEAR READER! WHAT EVILS MEN WILL COMMIT FOR THE LOVE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN! AND DR. HELL MAN WAS NO EXCEPTION! HIS CHANGE CAME ONE NIGHT WHEN...



JUST LIKE THE NURSERY RHYME ABOUT THE SPIDER AND THE FLY, EH, DOCTOR? THEY CAME TO *YOU*... THE *FOOLS*!

HIS HAND... HIS WONDERFUL HAND FROM WHICH SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC FLOWED! HOW YOU HATED IT! HOW YOU *HATED* WHAT IT HAD DONE TO YOU... AND YOUR LOVE!

IT WAS A BAD SLASH! BUT... NOT NEARLY BAD ENOUGH TO WARRANT WHAT *YOU* HAD IN MIND...



SHE LEFT AND YOU WENT BACK INTO YOUR OFFICE... TO THE INSTRUMENT CABINET...



HE'LL **NEVER** PLAY AGAIN...

YES, DOCTOR HELLMAN! YOU REMEMBER IT WELL! IN FACT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT... EVER! THE BLOOD... THE TEARING FLESH... THE SAWING OF THE BONE... AND THEN...



IT... GASP... IS DONE!

YOU DIDN'T SLEEP WELL AFTER THAT, DID YOU, DOCTOR? BORRSTEIN, DOWNSTAIRS... UNDER THE ANESTHETIC... AND YOU IN YOUR SWEATY BED...



BORRSTEIN! HE'S AWAKE!

MY HAND! **WHERE IS MY HAND?**



EASY, BORRSTEIN! EASY! IT COULDN'T BE HELPED! THE BLEEDING... IT WOULDN'T STOP... NOT EVEN A TOURNEQUET... AND THE GANGRENE... I **HAD** TO DO IT... TO SAVE YOUR ARM!

I SHALL NEVER PLAY AGAIN! **NEVER! NEVER!**

SOB... SOB...

HERE, TAKE THIS, BORRSTEIN! IT WILL MAKE YOU SLEEP!



YOU DID THIS TO ME! YOU CUT MY HAND OFF ON PURPOSE! YOU HATE ME BECAUSE I TOOK VIRGINIA FROM YOU... AND NOW YOU'VE TAKEN REVENGE! I CURSE YOU... I CURSE YOU... WITH THE HAND YOU CUT FROM ME...



BORRSTEIN... **WAIT!** YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO **LEAVE...**

IN THE MORNING, HE WAS DEAD! YOU READ IT IN THE PAPERS! VLADIMIR BORRSTEIN HAD JUMPED IN FRONT OF A SUBWAY TRAIN... MANGLED BEYOND RECOGNITION! THEN... SHE CAME...



VIRGINIA!

HE TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID TO HIM... HE CALLED ME BEFORE HE KILLED HIMSELF! I **HATE** YOU! YOU'RE EVIL... I **HATE** YOU **HATE** YOU... **HATE** YOU!

AND THEN, *SHE KILLED HERSELF...*
AND YOU CAME HERE, DOCTOR, TO THIS
LONELY CABIN... TO FORGET!



SLOWLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN UNWRAPS
THE PARCEL! INSIDE IS A SMALL
BOX... AND AS HE OPENS IT...



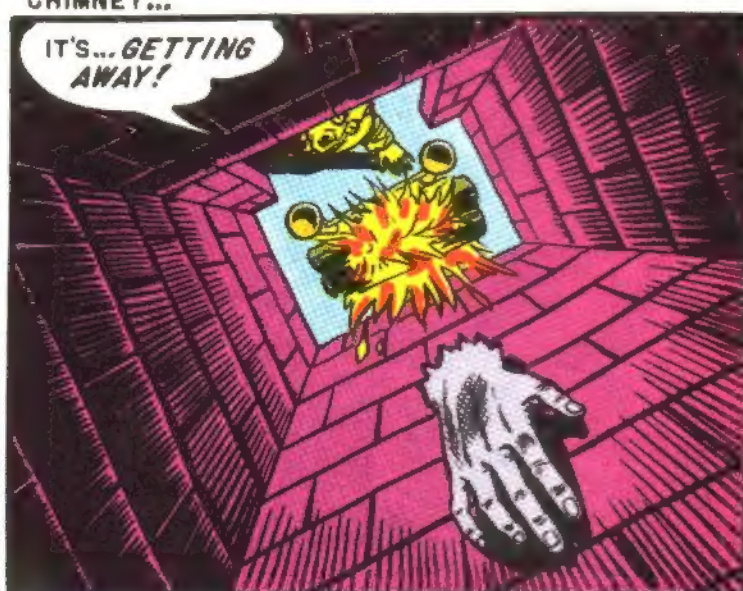
SWIFTLY, LIKE A CAT, THE HAND
SPRINGS FROM THE BOX... TO HIS
THROAT...



SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, DOCTOR HELLMAN
TEARS AT THE HAND CLUTCHING HIS THROAT, AND
WRENCHES IT FROM HIM!



BUT EVEN AS HE WATCHES, THE HAND, SINGED AND
BLACK, JUMPS FROM THE FIRE AND SCURRIES UP THE
CHIMNEY...



I CAN HEAR IT... CLATTERING OVER THE ROOF!
THE *DOORS!* THE *WINDOWS!* I'VE GOT
TO LOCK IT OUT!



AND EVEN AS HE WATCHES FROM THE WINDOW, DOCTOR
HELLMAN CAN SEE THE HAND MOVING ABOUT IN THE
GRASS NEAR THE HOUSE...



THE MINUTES BECOME HOURS... AND DOCTOR HELLMAN SITS, TERRIFIED, IN A CHAIR...



BUT AS THE HOURS DRAG ON... DOCTOR HELLMAN'S EYES, HEAVY WITH SLEEP... CLOSE! SUDDENLY... THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH MUSIC... PIANO MUSIC!



CAUTIOUSLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN SLIPS TOWARD THE PIANO... AND THEN HE SEES IT...



QUIETLY, HELLMAN MOVES CLOSER... AND CLOSER... AND THEN HE LUNGES...



QUICKLY HE STUMBLES ACROSS THE ROOM... AND FALLING ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE FIRE, HE THRUSTS THE SQUIRMING HAND INTO IT...



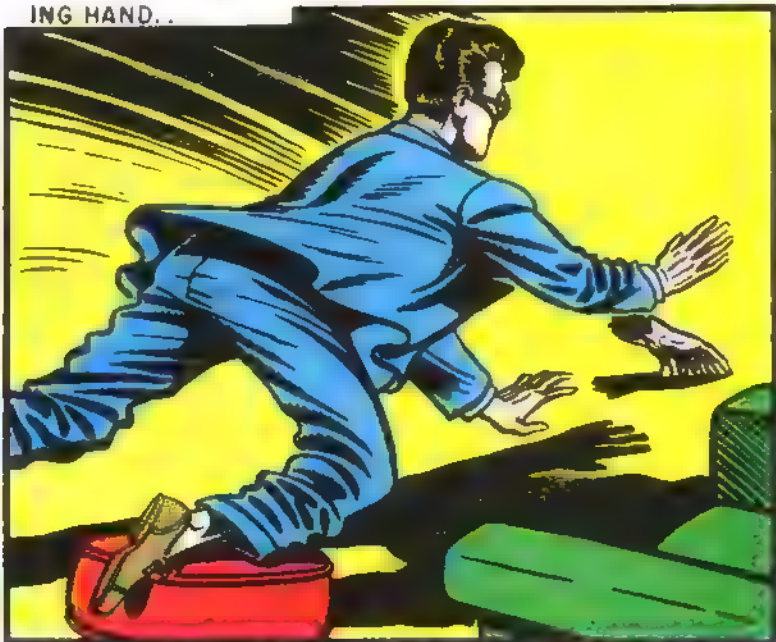
AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES LICK DOCTOR HELLMAN'S FINGERS, AND HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF THE PAIN... HE RELAXES HIS GRIP ON THE WRITHING HAND...



THE HAND DARTS ACROSS THE FLOOR...RUNNING ON ITS FINGERS...THE STUMP OF THE WRIST RAISED!



BUT AS DOCTOR HELLMAN STAGGERS AFTER THE SCAMPERING HAND...



SUDDENLY THE HAND TURNS AND SPRINGS AT THE DOCTOR'S THROAT...



VAINLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN STRUGGLES, TRYING TO PULL THE HAND FROM ITS STRANGLE HOLD ON HIS THROAT...



BUT, AFTER A WHILE, HIS STRENGTH EBBS...AND THE DOCTOR'S GRIP RELAXES! HE IS DEAD FROM STRANGULATION!



A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN THE CARETAKER DISCOVERS HIS BODY... AND CALLS THE POLICE...



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! THE "HAND" WAS IN DOCTOR HELLMAN'S OWN MIND! THAT'S WHAT HE GOT FOR COMMITTING SUCH AN UNDERHANDED TRICK!

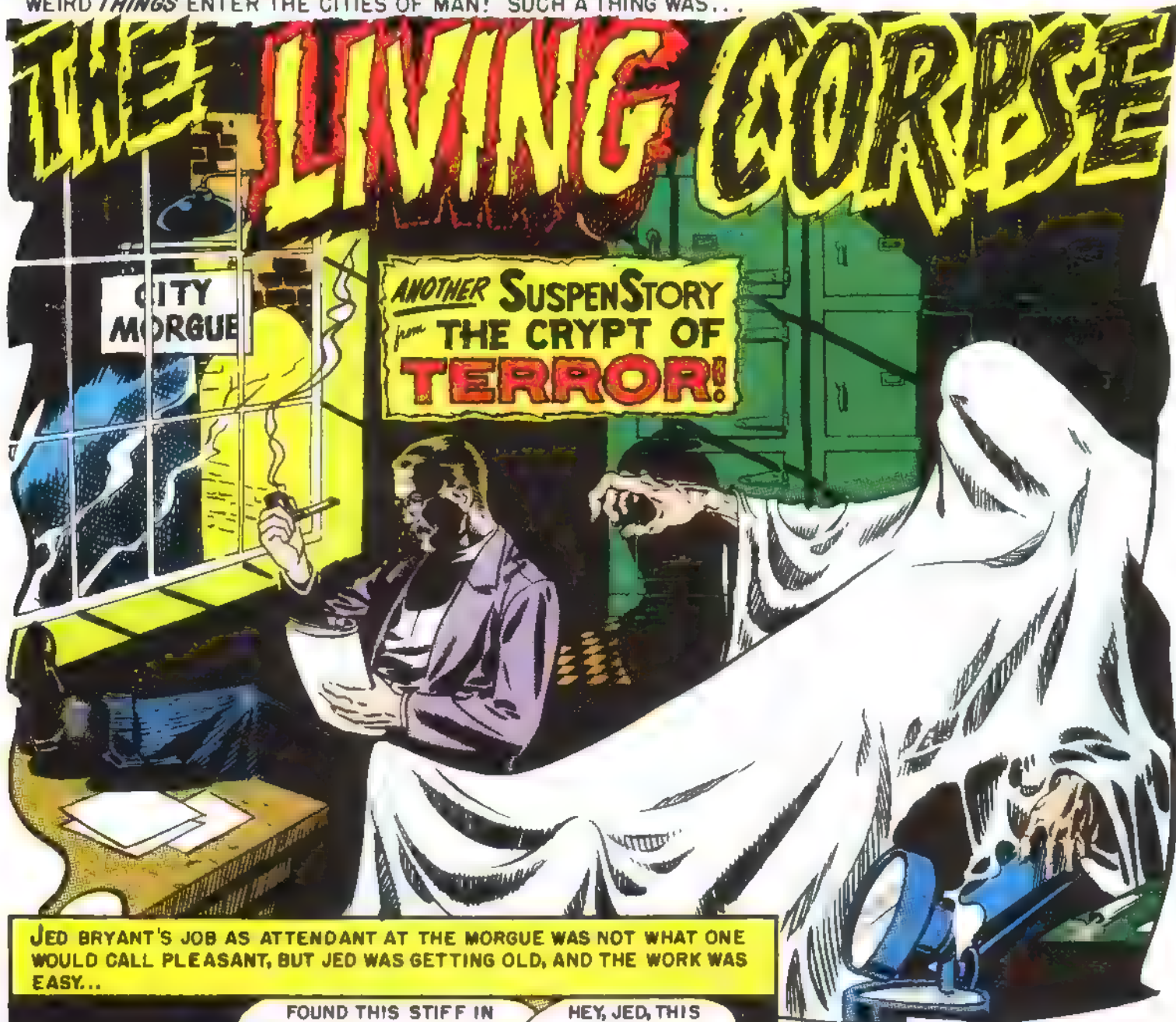


GRIPPING TALE, WASN'T IT! WELL, IF YOU CAN STAND IT, THERE ARE MORE STORIES FROM MY COLLECTION FOLLOWING THIS ONE! TAKE A GOOD HOLD OF YOURSELF...HEH-HEH...AND READ ON!

IF YOU LIKE THIS STORY AND THE OTHER STORIES IN THIS BOOK, WON'T YOU WRITE ME? ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:

CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 489
WEST PLAINS, MO 65776

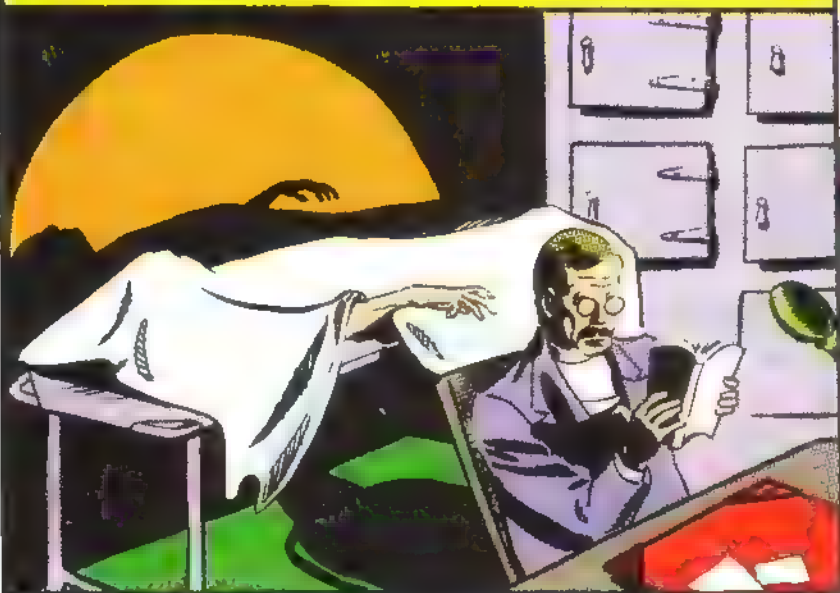
ON FOG-SHROUDED NIGHTS, IN THE LONELIEST OF PLACES, STRANGE HORRORS WALK--UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN TO MORTALS! BUT SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES THE BARRIER OF TERROR LIFTS SLIGHTLY AND WEIRD *THINGS* ENTER THE CITIES OF MAN! SUCH A THING WAS...



JED BRYANT'S JOB AS ATTENDANT AT THE MORGUE WAS NOT WHAT ONE WOULD CALL PLEASANT, BUT JED WAS GETTING OLD, AND THE WORK WAS EASY...



THE MEN LEFT, AND QUIET REIGNED, BROKEN ONLY BY THE TICK-TOCK OF THE CLOCK... BUT BEHIND JED'S BACK A GRISLY SCENE WAS BEING ENACTED...

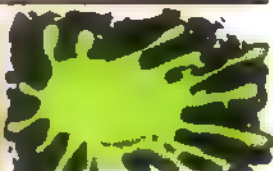


SUDDENLY THE DEATHLY STILLNESS WAS BROKEN BY A WEIRD BUBBLING SCREAM FROM THE LONG-DEAD CORPSE! ICY FINGERS CLUTCHED AT JED'S THROAT...



NO! DON'T TOUCH ME
GUGGGHH!!

JED'S STRAINING HEART POUNDED UNMERCIFULLY AS THE TERRIBLE CLAMMY HANDS SQUEEZED HIS THROAT! AS HE SANK DOWN INTO STYGIAN DEPTHS HE GASPED...
AIR... AIR...



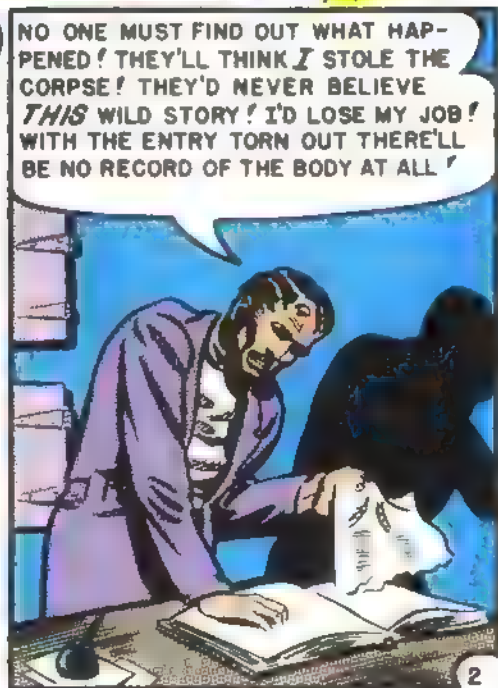
SLOWLY CONSCIOUSNESS CAME AS JED RETURNED FROM THE VERY BRINK OF MADNESS! HIS THROBBING EYES WILDLY SEARCHED THE ROOM THE CORPSE WAS GONE!



MY THROAT-- GASP!
OH, THE PAIN... WATER...
WATER!



A LIVING CORPSE... O-H-H! MY HAIR...
MY HAIR! GOOD HEAVENS, I'M GOING
MAD! MAD!



NO ONE MUST FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! THEY'LL THINK I STOLE THE CORPSE! THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE THIS WILD STORY! I'D LOSE MY JOB! WITH THE ENTRY TORN OUT THERE'LL BE NO RECORD OF THE BODY AT ALL!

THE WALK HOME FROM THE JOB WAS A NIGHTMARE! JED CONSTANTLY PEERED OVER HIS SHOULDER AS THE SIMPLE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT ASSUMED WEIRD AND FANTASTIC FORMS...

I SEE *THINGS*! THEY'RE NOT *REAL*... THEY CAN'T BE!



CAN'T GET OVER THE FEELING SOMETHING'S FOLLOWING ME! THE PLACE IS SO *DARK*!



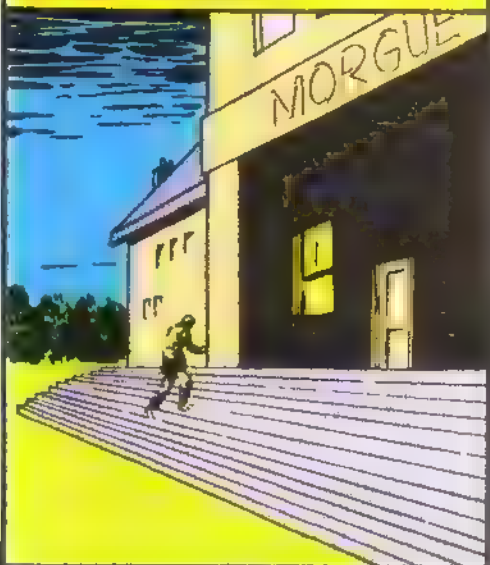
AH! THAT'S BETTER! I'LL GET RIGHT TO BED!



THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS THAT HAUNTED JED'S DREAMS LEFT HIM WEAK AND EXHAUSTED! HOW COULD HE FACE THE NEXT NIGHT'S WORK?



NO PRISONER WALKING THE LAST MILE EVER DRAGGED HIS STEPS MORE THAN JED! FALTERING AND TREMBLING HE ENTERED THE MORGUE...

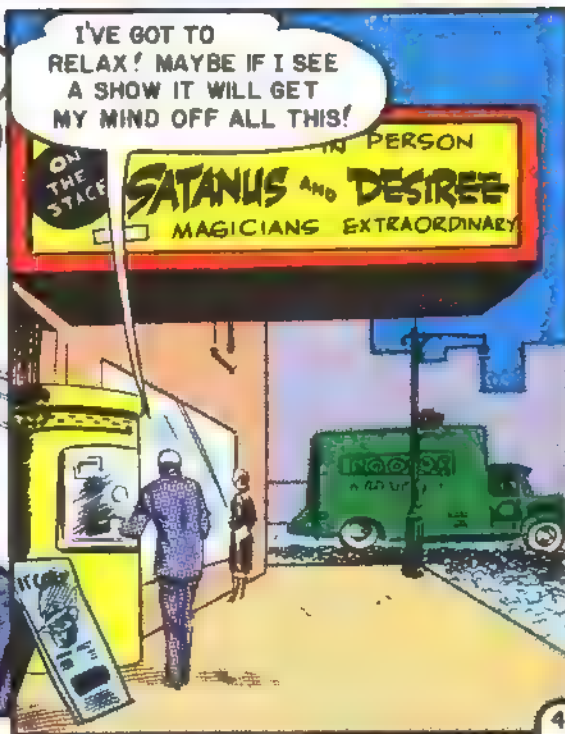
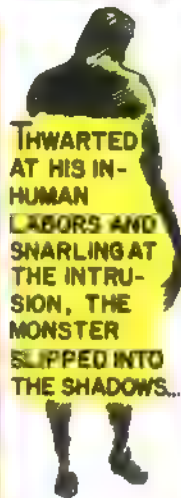
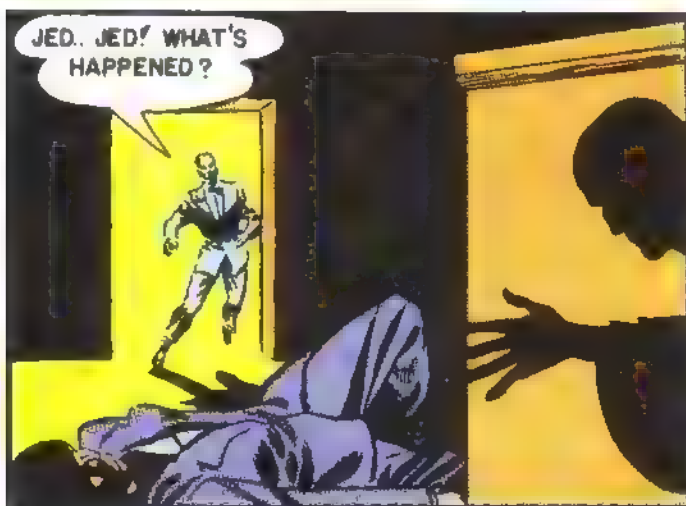


GOTTA KEEP MY MIND ON MY WORK! CHECK THESE BODIES! LOOK AT THIS POOR MAN! GUESS THIS JOB'S BEGINNING TO GET ME DOWN!



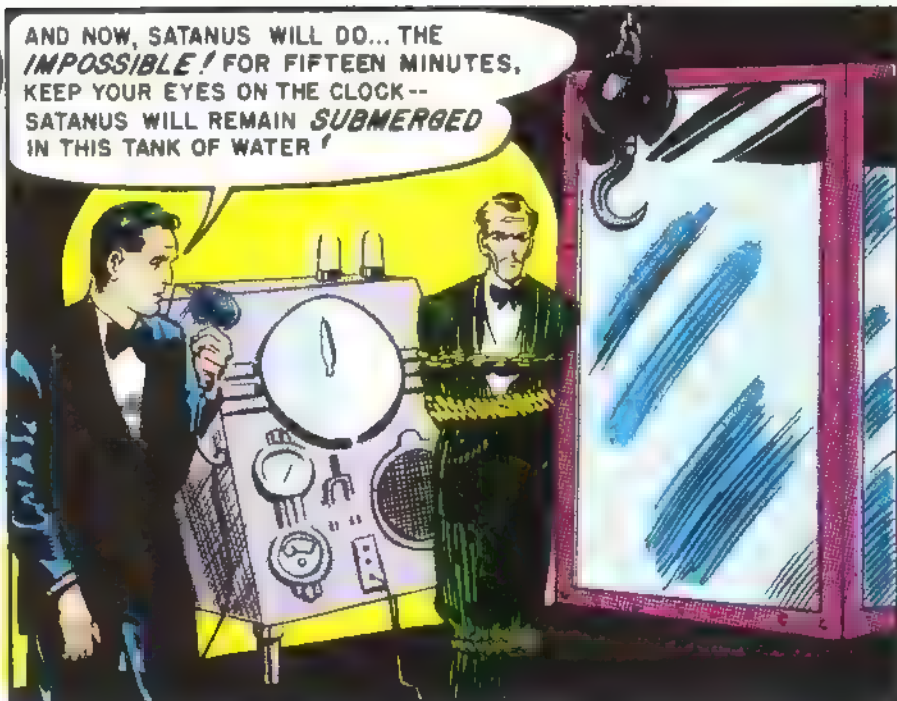
HERE'S ONE MUST'VE COME JUST BEFORE I GOT HERE! GUESS I BETTER TAKE A LOOK BEFORE I SHOVE IT IN THE REFRIGERATOR!







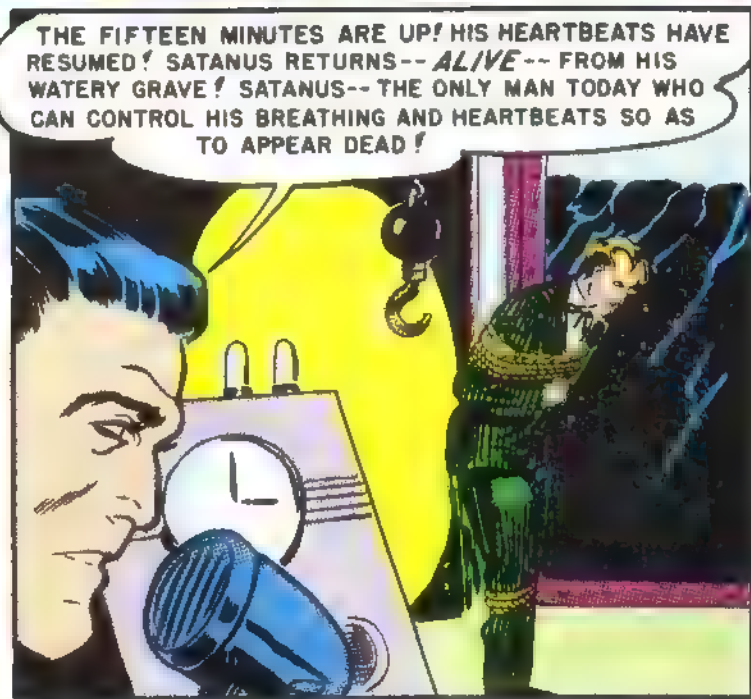
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I REGRET THAT MY PARTNER, THE BEAUTIFUL DESIREE, WILL NOT BE ABLE TO APPEAR TONIGHT! BUT STILL, I WILL ATTEMPT MY MOST AMAZING FEAT! QUIET PLEASE!



AND NOW, SATANUS WILL DO... THE IMPOSSIBLE! FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE CLOCK-- SATANUS WILL REMAIN **SUBMERGED** IN THIS TANK OF WATER!



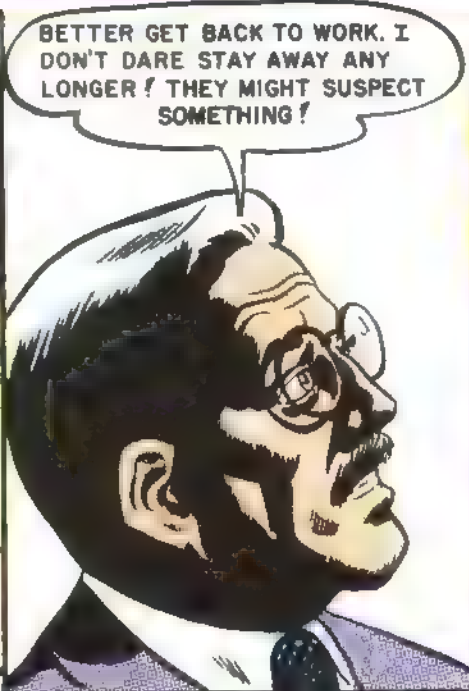
TWO AND A HALF MINUTES GONE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOU CAN HEAR HIS HEARTBEATS FROM THIS SENSITIVE MICROPHONE STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST! LISTEN! THEY'VE STOPPED! SATANUS-- HE'S **DEAD**!



THE FIFTEEN MINUTES ARE UP! HIS HEARTBEATS HAVE RESUMED! SATANUS RETURNS-- **ALIVE**-- FROM HIS WATERY GRAVE! SATANUS-- THE ONLY MAN TODAY WHO CAN CONTROL HIS BREATHING AND HEARTBEATS SO AS TO APPEAR DEAD!



NO, NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'M HAUNTED BY **DEATH**! WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE!



BETTER GET BACK TO WORK. I DON'T DARE STAY AWAY ANY LONGER! THEY MIGHT SUSPECT SOMETHING!



I'LL BE OKAY NOW, TIM. YOU CAN GO, AND THANKS!

IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! GOOD-NIGHT!





ALIVE!

YES-- **ALIVE!** BUT YOU WILL BE **DEAD!** TWICE BEFORE I SEARCHED FOR THE GIRL-- NOW I HAVE FOUND HER! I MUST REMOVE THE MARK OF THE RING! THEN NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW...



WEAK WITH SHOCK, JED WAS EASILY OVERPOWERED BY THE VICIOUS MAGICIAN! BUT SATANUS HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE MARBLE SLABS...



SLOWLY JED REGAINED HIS SENSES, BUT HE WAS FRANTIC WITH FEAR! WAS SATANUS FINALLY DEAD? OR STILL ALIVE TO THREATEN HIM AGAIN...

I'LL PUT HIM IN THE REFRIGERATOR! I'LL JUST MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD! HA! HA! HE'LL NEVER GET ME, NOW!

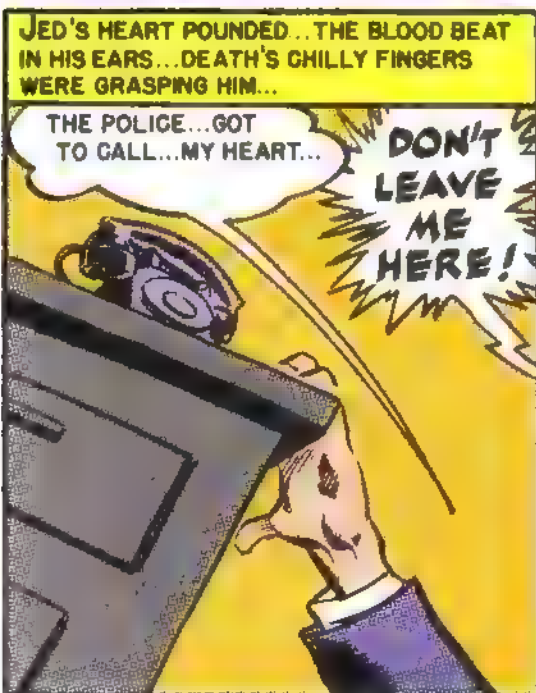


NO.. NO! NO, BUT YOU **WILL** BE! I'M NOT DEAD! AND WHEN THE POLICE COME... OH-H-H! ...MY HEART!



LET ME OUT-- YOU FOOL! LET ME OUT! I'LL FREEZE TO DEATH!

OH-H-H! THE PAIN.. OH-H-H!



JED'S HEART POUNDED... THE BLOOD BEAT IN HIS EARS... DEATH'S CHILLY FINGERS WERE GRASPING HIM...

THE POLICE... GOT TO CALL... MY HEART...

DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!



THE WILD SCREAMS FROM THE REFRIGERATOR GREW WEAKER AS JED'S MIND DULLED AND THE WORLD SLIPPED AWAY! SATANUS WOULD NEVER GET OUT... FOR JED WAS... **SCARED TO DEATH!** SATANUS HAD CONDEMNED HIMSELF TO A REAL AND FINAL GRAVE!



PORTRAIT OF LIFE...AND DEATH!

Rollini touched his paint-brush to the palette . . . and as he withdrew it and turned toward his easel there was a strange glint to his eyes. His mouth hardened momentarily as he scrutinized the canvas before him . . . then his flesh filled with color and his eyes widened as if with wild delight.

"This will be the painting to enshrine my name forever," he thought, his chest rising and falling with great rapidity, as if inwardly he were going through some strange and tremendous exertion. "This will be a token of my great talent," he thought. And his eye moved from the flaming, tempestuous colors of the canvas to the woman who stood across the room from him. There could be no uncertainty about it . . . the canvas was an exact duplicate of the living woman . . . but there was a bizarre, almost a ghostly difference. For the woman appeared to be bloodless, even the pigmentation of her hair appeared to have begun to seep from her. If anything, the portrait was more lifelike than the living woman who was posing for it.

"It was wise of me," Rollini murmured to himself as his brush flashed and stabbed at the canvas, now applying the magenta, now the deep rich brown. "Wise of me to marry my model . . . so that I could bring her here to my garret without fear of talk behind my back."

The picture was nearing the great moment of completion, and Rollini worked with redoubled speed, completely engrossed now in the portrait of his wife. "She has not left the garret in weeks," he thought to himself as he worked on, never tiring in his labors, never ceasing . . . his eye flashing from model to canvas . . . from canvas to model. "Since I started this great portrait of my wife, she has been a virtual prisoner! For I cannot let her interfere with the mood that has seized me . . . cannot let her break the spell which enables me to put on canvas the very crystallization of what she is, what she lives for! For this portrait will BE life to all those who see it!"

He hunched forward more than ever now . . . the end was clearly in sight. Another dab at the sharp line of the eyebrows . . . a stroke at the cupid's bow mouth . . . and he would have transferred all that his young wife was to the canvas!

He turned once again to the spot where the living woman sat for a last sweeping view . . . and suddenly he was shocked by her sight. For in the few short weeks he had been working on her portrait she had visibly aged. Suddenly he was aware of her pallid complexion, of her wax-like skin. He **MUST** finish now . . . must **HURRY**!

And then it was finished! With a roar of triumph he threw his brush and palette to the floor. "This is the great work of my life, little one," he shouted, "and I could not have done it without YOU! For it is LIFE . . . life transferred to canvas!"

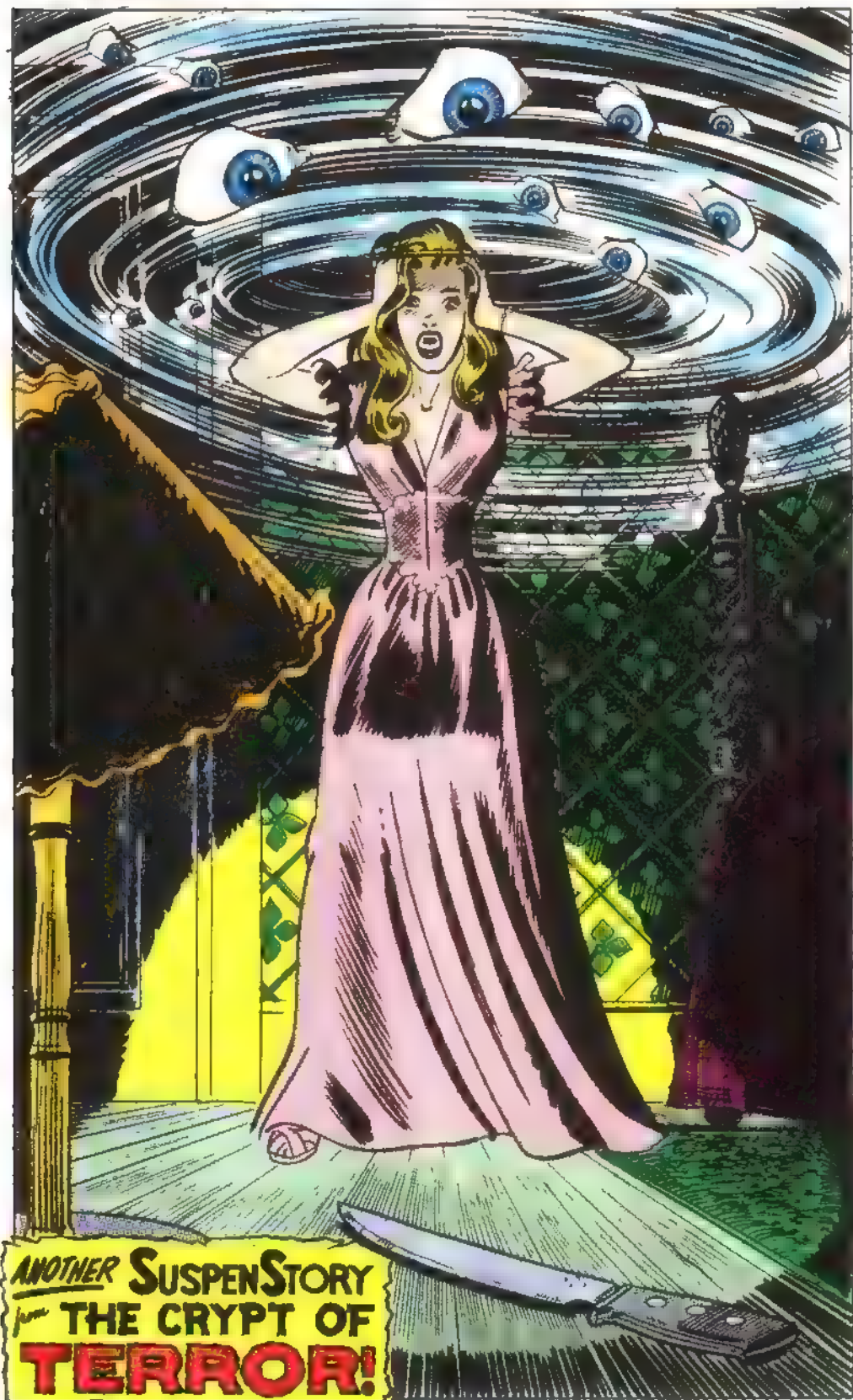
And he turned at that moment, and his eyes grew wide with wonder . . . then bewilderment . . . then stark fear! A light seemed to dim and burn out behind his eyes! A mad look came over him. There, on the other side of the room, his wife lay dead where she had fallen from the spot in which she had posed! And she was old . . . as old as the portrait was young! Rollini had succeeded . . . he had taken his wife's life . . . and put it on canvas!



THOSE LIGHTS MRS. MANDER THOUGHT SHE SAW FLICKERING IN THE NIGHT... THE GHASTLY WAIL SHE WAS **POSITIVE** SHE HEARD... THE DOG WITH ITS THROAT SLASHED BY THE VERY KNIFE SHE FOUND AT THE FOOT OF HER BED... ALL OF IT COULD MEAN ONLY **ONE** THING! THERE WAS...

MADNESS

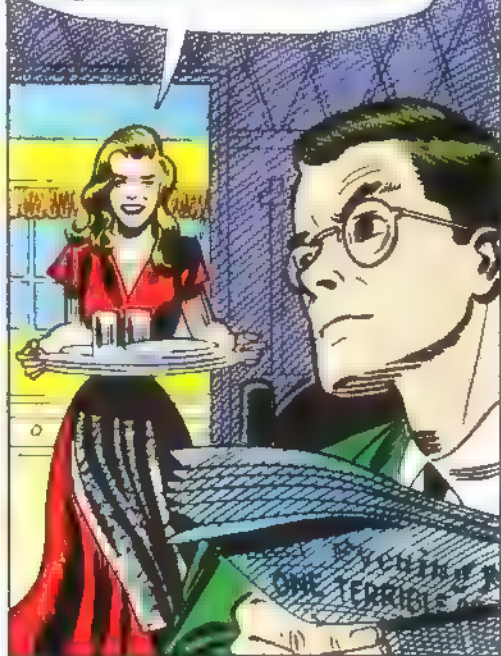
at MANDERVILLE



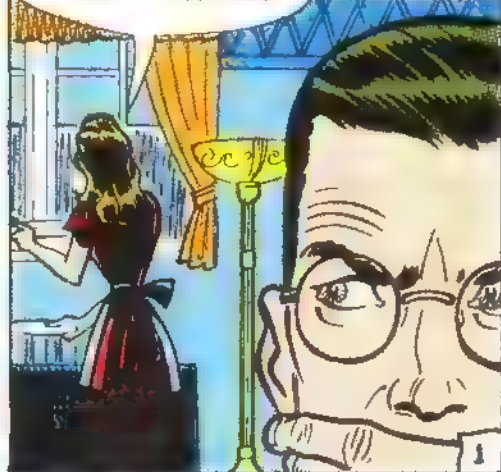
ANOTHER SUSPENSE STORY
from THE CRYPT OF
TERROR!

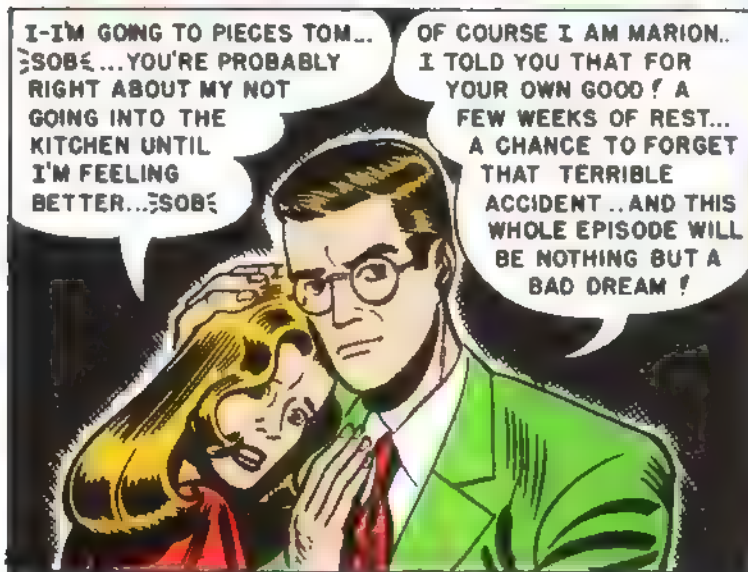
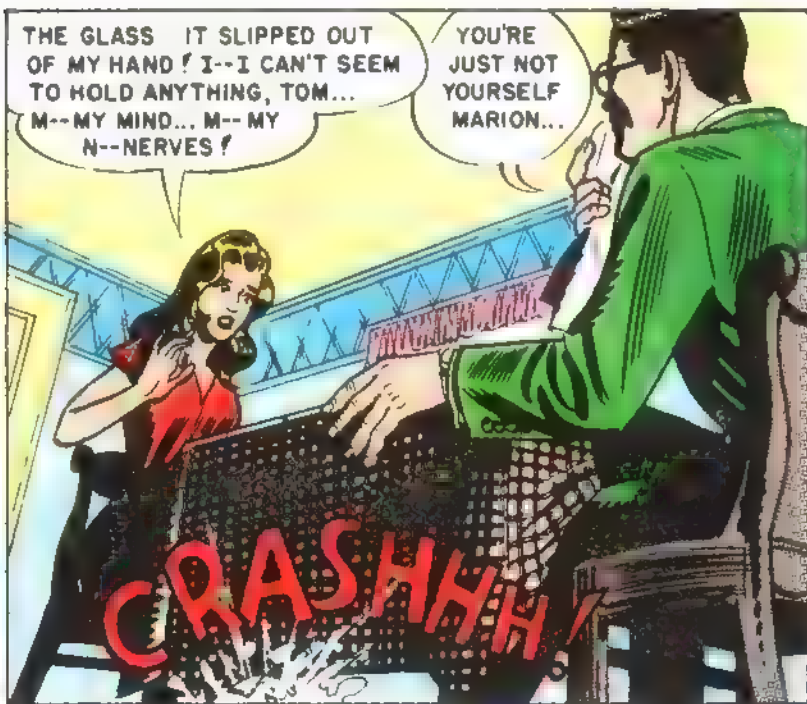
MANDERVILLE SEEMED LIKE EVERY OTHER HOUSE IN ITS NEIGHBORHOOD ...BUT THERE WAS **ONE** STARTLING DIFFERENCE...

I GAVE THE SERVANTS THE NIGHT OFF, TOM...THOUGHT IT WOULD BE MORE LIKE OLD TIMES IF I PREPARED THE MEAL... AND WE WERE ALONE TOGETHER!



EVER SINCE THAT TERRIBLE ACCIDENT... WHEN WE LOST YOUNG BILLY... I'VE FELT A GREAT CHANGE TAKING PLACE! IT'S AS IF MY MIND WAS UNDERGOING SOME SORT OF METAMORPHOSIS! YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, TOM?



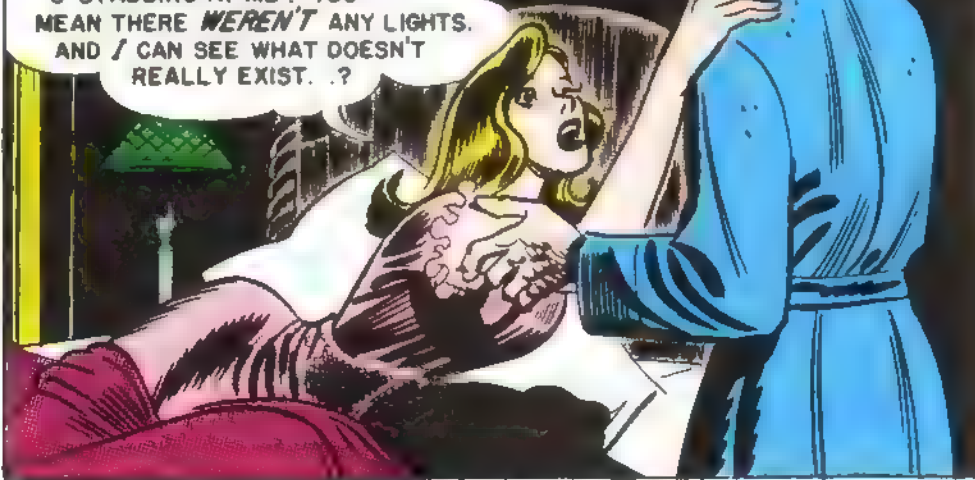


THE HOURS PASSED IN THAT STRANGE HOUSE CALLED MANDERVILLE. AND THEN

T-TOM...TOM...TOM!
THE LIGHTS T-THEY BLINDED ME!
COMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW
COMING C-CLOSER. CLOSER!



Y-YOU DIDN'T SEE ANY LIGHTS
FLASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW..
S-STABBING AT ME? YOU
MEAN THERE *WEREN'T* ANY LIGHTS.
AND I CAN SEE WHAT DOESN'T
REALLY EXIST. ?

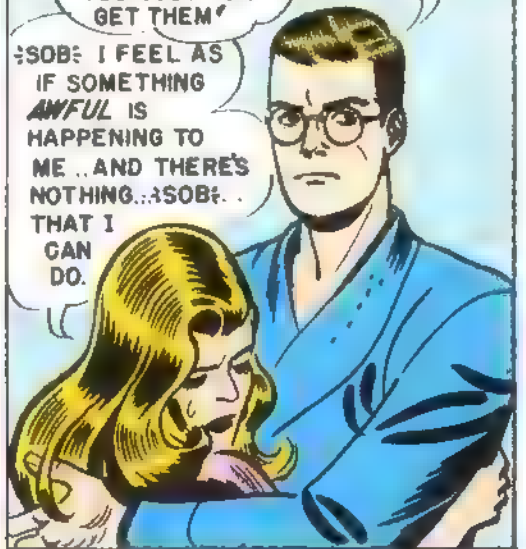


WHAT LIGHTS, MARION? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING...NOTHING OUT OF THE
ORDINARY, ANYWAY! AND I'VE BEEN TOSSING AND TURNING...
COULDN'T SEEM TO DOZE OFF! SO THAT I WAS AWAKE
AND WOULD HAVE SEEN...



OF COURSE THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT,
MARION. AND FROM THIS POSITION I
CAN SEE THOSE LIGHTS TOO! THEY'RE
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT..
YOU JUST FOR-
GET THEM!

SOB: I FEEL AS
IF SOMETHING
AWFUL IS
HAPPENING TO
ME...AND THERE'S
NOTHING...SOB!
THAT I
CAN
DO.

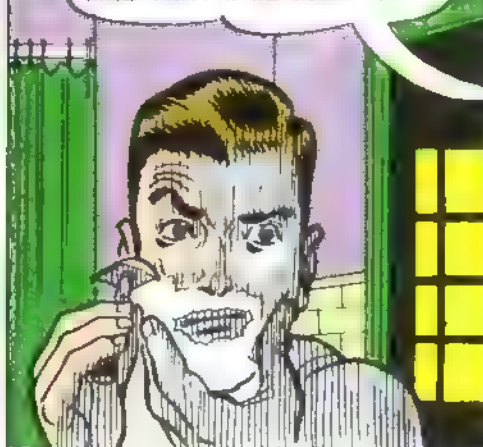


S-SINCE THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH BILLY
WAS KILLED...S-SHE'S BECOMING
WORSE AND WORSE! THE TERRIBLE
STRAIN...IT MUST HAVE AFFECTED
HER MIND! SHE'S IN A BAD WAY...SEE-
ING LIGHTS THAT AREN'T THERE...!



THE DREADED NIGHT PASSED, AND
ONCE AGAIN IT WAS MORNING AT
MANDERVILLE...

A COUPLE OF HOURS SLEEP HAVE HELP-
ED ME, TOM...NO WONDER A PERSON
THINKS SHE'S GOING OUT OF HER MIND,
THOUGH. WITH TERRIBLE NOISES
LIKE THAT WAIL JUST NOW!

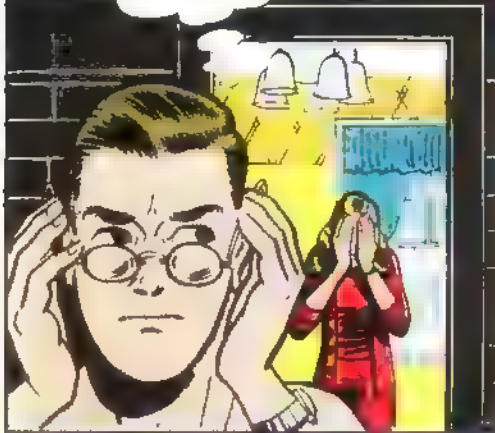


W-WAIL? YOU
MEAN YOU
HEARD A SCREAM
OR SOMETHING
JUST NOW?

Y-YOU DIDN'T HEAR
IT...THAT NOISE
LIKE A SIREN?
D-DIDN'T HEAR
ANYTHING?



THIS IS FAR MORE SERIOUS THAN I FEARED! MARION MUST BE IN REALLY BAD SHAPE! AS SOON AS I FINISH AT THE OFFICE I'D BETTER HURRY HOME! AND IF SHE WANDERS BACK INTO THE KITCHEN NO TELLING *WHAT* SHE MAY PUT IN THE FOOD! BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH DOCTOR BRENNER NEXT DOOR!



THE DAYLIGHT HOURS SEEMED INTERMINABLE TO TOM MANDER BUT AT LAST HE WAS BACK AT MANDERVILLE AND THE EVENING HAD PASSED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT...

COME UP AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR PAPER, TOM...

SHE *DOES* SEEM BETTER, TONIGHT! HER SPIRITS HAVE LIFTED AND THESE CURIOUS THINGS SHE SEES AND HEARS... M-MAYBE THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!



THAT WILD, INSANE LOOK...IT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE FROM HER EYES! THE STRAIN OF BILLY'S DEATH...IT MAY BE WEARING OFF AT LAST! I'VE ASKED DOCTOR BRENNER TO STOP IN TOMORROW PERHAPS HE'LL FIND HER ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY!



THE MINUTES TICKED BY ON THE CLOCK AT TOM MANDER'S ELBOW...THEY STRECHED INTO AN HOUR...TWO HOURS...

W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MARION? GO BACK TO SLEEP, DARLING. I'M THIRSTY...GOING TO GET A GLASS OF WATER...



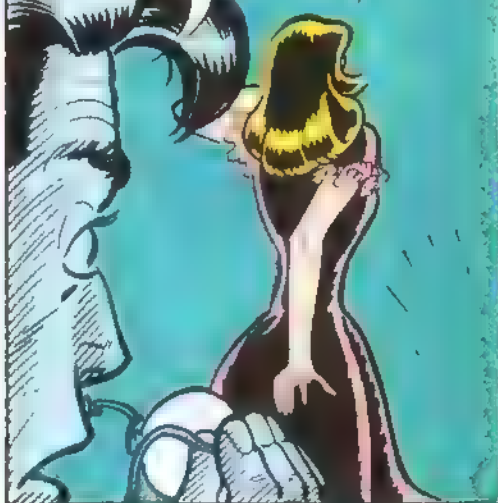
TOM MANDER WAS IN NO MOOD FOR SLEEP...QUIETLY HE WATCHED HIS WIFE CROSS THE ROOM...ALERT FOR ANY OUTBREAKS ON HER PART...ANXIOUSLY WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF AN ONGOING SPELL.

NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, TOM. I-IT'S JUST THAT I'M TERRIBLY...RESTLESS...TONIGHT!

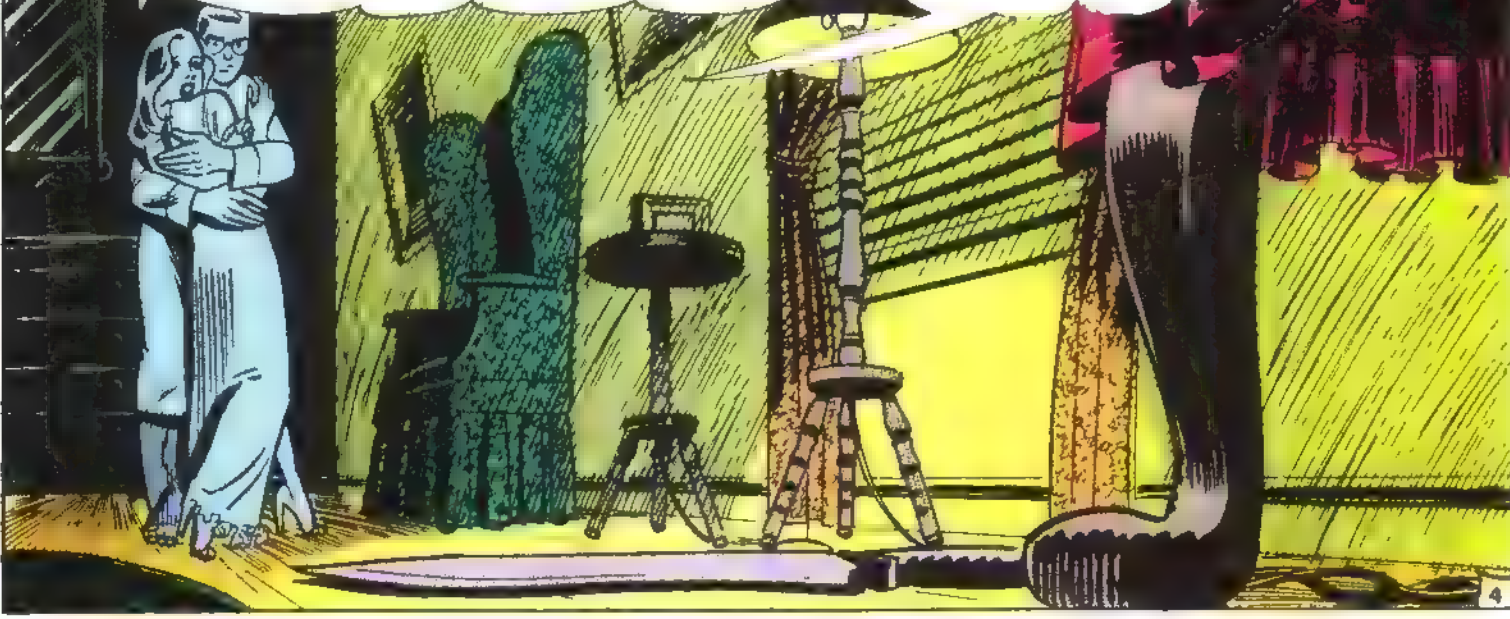


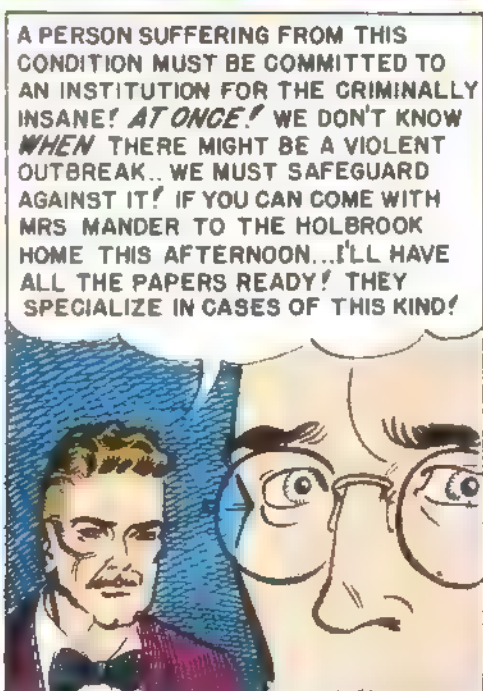
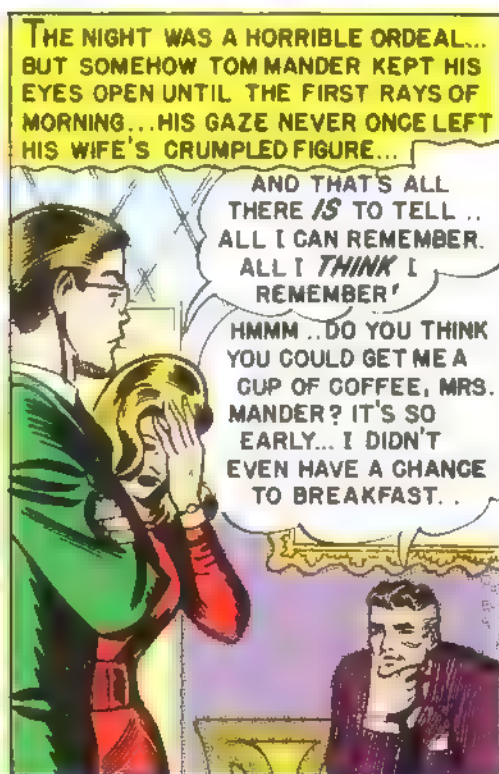
T-TOM! GOOD HEAVENS! I...I...FEEL FAINT!

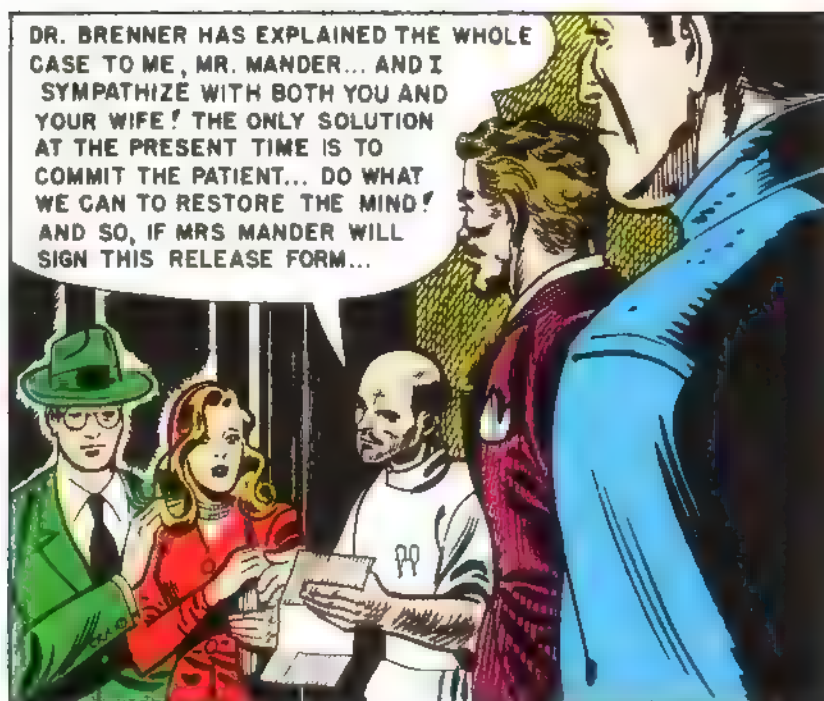
W-WHAT IS IT, MARION? *WHAT IS IT?*



T-THERE...ON THE FLOOR! T-THAT...THAT KNIFE! HOW DID IT GET HERE, TOM...W-WHAT DOES IT MEAN? A BUTCHER'S KNIFE SOAKED WITH...*BLOOD*!







DR. BRENNER HAS EXPLAINED THE WHOLE CASE TO ME, MR. MANDER... AND I SYMPATHIZE WITH BOTH YOU AND YOUR WIFE! THE ONLY SOLUTION AT THE PRESENT TIME IS TO COMMIT THE PATIENT... DO WHAT WE CAN TO RESTORE THE MIND! AND SO, IF MRS MANDER WILL SIGN THIS RELEASE FORM...



I WANT NO EXPENSE SPARED IN THIS CASE, DR. HOLBROOK... SHE MUST RECEIVED THE FINEST TREATMENT... THE BEST CARE!

WE UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY, MR. MANDER... THE PATIENT WILL BE CARED FOR IN THE BEST POSSIBLE MANNER!



THIS RELEASE FORM.. IT FREES US TO CARE FOR THE PATIENT AS WE SEE FIT! AND NOW...WE'D BETTER START THE TREATMENT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE...

NO NEED FOR YOU TO BE AFRAID, MARION DEAR...



THERE'S OUR NEW PATIENT! HANDLE **MISTER** MANDER WITH CARE, PLEASE... HE'LL BE STAYING WITH US FOR SOME TIME!

W--WHAT? ARE YOU MAD, HOLBROOK... IS THIS A JOKE OF SOME KIND?

T--TOM? **TOM** IS THE PATIENT YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT?



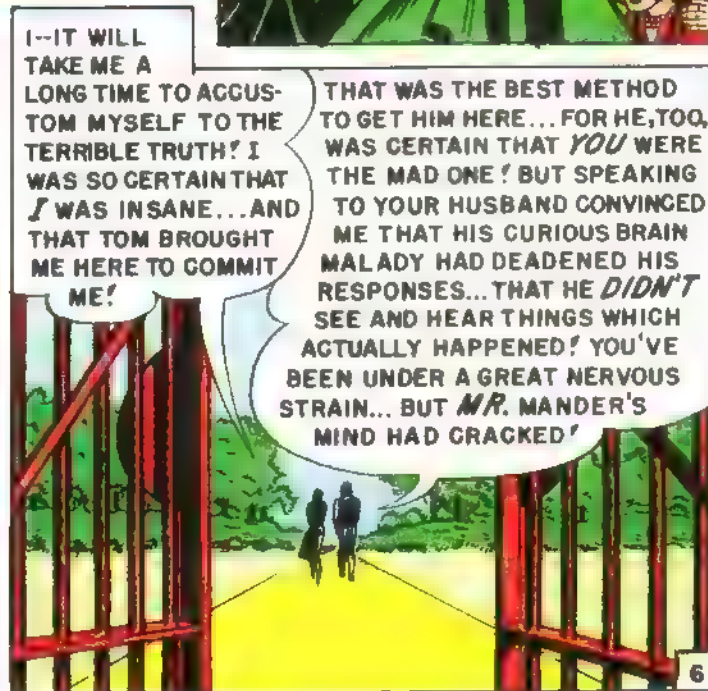
LET ME GO, YOU IDIOTS! I'LL HAVE THIS PLACE TORN DOWN... YOU'RE MAD... ALL OF YOU ARE **MAD**! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG ONE... Y--YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

EASY, MRS. MANDER... DESPITE WHAT YOUR HUSBAND CLAIMS... WE ARE **NOT** MAKING A MISTAKE! HE... AND NOT YOU... IS INSANE!



BUT IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE! THE WHOLE THING... IT'S BEEN A NIGHTMARE! THE SOUNDS I HEARD... THE STRANGE LIGHTS... NEVER **EXISTED**!

BUT THEY **DID**, MRS. MANDER! AS YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR, I CAN TESTIFY THAT THEY DID! THOSE LIGHTS NIGHT BEFORE LAST... MY OWN CAR COMING UP THE DRIVEWAY! AND THE WAIL DURING THE DAY... AN AMBULANCE SIREN GOING BY OUR HOUSES! WHEN YOUR HUSBAND DESCRIBED THOSE THINGS TO ME... AS IF THEY **HADN'T** HAPPENED... I KNEW **HE** WAS MAD!



I--IT WILL TAKE ME A LONG TIME TO AGGUSTOM MYSELF TO THE TERRIBLE TRUTH! I WAS SO CERTAIN THAT **I** WAS INSANE... AND THAT TOM BROUGHT ME HERE TO COMMIT ME!

THAT WAS THE BEST METHOD TO GET HIM HERE... FOR HE, TOO, WAS CERTAIN THAT **YOU** WERE THE MAD ONE! BUT SPEAKING TO YOUR HUSBAND CONVINCED ME THAT HIS CURIOUS BRAIN MALADY HAD DEADENED HIS RESPONSES... THAT HE **DIDN'T** SEE AND HEAR THINGS WHICH ACTUALLY HAPPENED! YOU'VE BEEN UNDER A GREAT NERVOUS STRAIN... BUT **MR. MANDER'S** MIND HAD CRACKED!



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Already I'm up to the second issue of my morbid mag! It seems like only 42 years ago I released this the first time (as "#18" of THE CRYPT OF TERROR, see the original logo below).



Dear CK,

This is in defense of 11-year-old Alicyn Novit, who wrote that her friends like to read "Ghost Ship" in "Tales From the Crypt" Vol. 2. You said it was Vol. 1.

"Ghost Ship" is indeed in Vol. 2, of the Random House series of novelizations of "Tales From the Crypt" stories. I bet that's what Alicyn's library has; it's a series of children's books newly illustrated by Jack Davis, along with panels from the originals.

You've got your "Crypts" crossed.

Guy MacMillin
Chesterfield, NH

Egad! That great Guy is right! That'll teach me to stay out of circulation for 4 decades! Alicyn, whose letter ran in *NEW CRYPT* #1, was little doubt right, and I offer her my sincere apologies! Random House is up to Volume 5 (ISBN 0-679-83074-X) of their series, which features new Ghoulunatic covers by Davis. Also new, "Jokes from the Crypt" (ISBN 0-679-83168-1) which features me (and two other jokers) as a stand-up comic.

—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I would like to start off by saying that I am EC's number-one fan!!! Robert Borruso, who claimed he was in *NEW CRYPT* #1 doesn't even know the proper abbreviation for "Tales From the Crypt" which is "Crypt" (he said

"Tales"). If Robert isn't #1, what makes me #1? Well, I've made a list:

1. I study the art of EC and can pick out what was drawn by whom.
2. I know the history of EC comics.

There are many other reasons which have slipped my mind at the moment. Love is what you need to be a fan. You must love Ghastly's detailed painted style of art. You must love Davis's small arches which he often used to fade out from shadows and the wrinkled-pants technique. You must love Craig's extra sideburn and flipping hair along with his quality corpse drawings (Davis also has the corpse quality). You must love Marie Severin's coloring skills. She knew the right color schemes for each artist and used excellent contrast in shades. She always equipped Ghastly with faded shades of blue, orange and deep reds.

EC comics have inspired me to be a writer. It also has inspired my friend Dan Kraut (another super mega-big huge EC fan) to be a writer.

Now you have brought his dream back to a new generation of readers who, like me, have been inspired to be perhaps another Ghastly (my favorite EC artist) or another Davis or Craig. Thank you!

CRYPT's True #1 Fan,
Phillip M. Smith
Philadelphia, PA

Is there anyone who'd like to be CRYPT's
#1 False Fan?

—CK

Dear Mr. Cochran,

My name is Shawn Chancey, and I am a big CRYPT and VAULT fan. I would like more information on the hardback books you sell. Please send it to me.

Thank you!

From a CRYPT lover and a Real Horror Fan!

Shawn Chancey

Please note Shawn is not claiming to be the True #1 Real Horror Fan! And thank goodness!

—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I've just started to read your comics and they are great! I have a question. Where did the Vault Keeper and the Old Witch come from? Keep up the good work.

Tahara Eastman
Tulsa, OK

V-K and OW came from—under a rock! And they can crawl right back! No, seriously (seriously?), OW came from the Old Country (watch for HAUNT #14, or get RCP HAUNT #1, see our ad in this comic). The Vault-Keeper came from nowhere and his stories from the same place.
—CK



Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I thoroughly enjoyed [RCP CRYPT 6]. Excellent artwork. I buy your magazine not only for the quality reading material, but for the fantastic illustrations. This is definitely one of the spookiest, superbly well-written, talentedly artistic comic books I've ever read and looked at, one of the best comics around. It's—Great! What a mag!

A sincere CRYPT
artist/reader fan,
Melanie Miller
Lawrenceville, IL

**You may not be the #1 artist/reader fan,
but you're sincere.**
—CK

Dear CK,

I just finished [RCP CRYPT 6]. Terror-ific! Why, I even loved the CRIME SUSPENSTORIES at the back of the book!

In Comic Buyers Guide No. 441 (I think) while introducing [RCP CRYPT #4], your teeth were vampire's! Please spill it, are you a vampire?

But back to Tales, I was going to say the Vault-Keepers stories are like him, DEAD. They make me snore.

Laramie, why must you irritate the GhouLunatics so? Please give a little time in between your letters.

Well, I've taken enough of your time and the sun's coming up, so I'll dig you later!

Eric Henderson
Burnsville, MN

I'll ask for a DIG-UP call for midnight, that's my time to HOWL! Erik, the CRIME material is good stuff, and you can get it in our reprints of CRIME appearing as a separate title every quarter!

No, I'm not a vampire, nor do I play one on TV. But after decades of waiting around to get back into comics, I got a little long in the tooth! That's the fangs I get!

VK's a dead one, alright, altho I never held that against anyone. It's only right to read them the same way he writes them, asleep! I wonder if Laramie Carlson isn't a victim of Vaultosis Narcosis; it's been weeks since he's written.
—CK

Dear Russ,

Thank you for reprinting those great EC horror comics from the early 50s. At the age of 35, I always felt that I had missed out on something truly classic. Although I have several of your other classic reprints, these new reprints, in the original 32 page format, are "The Real Thing". I'm very pleased with the superior quality, and have enclosed a subscription order for CRYPT, VAULT, and HAUNT.

Mailing the comics in strong envelopes is a good idea. Most apartment mailboxes are small, with a common magazine rack. The envelopes should prevent dog-eared copies.

Once again, thank you, and keep up the good work.

Bruce C. Beighley
Waltham, MA

Okay, we WILL keep the good work, to wit:

The second issues of NEW WEIRD SCIENCE, and SHOCK are now in release, and you can still get the first issues of NEW VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY, TWO-FISTED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY and CRIME! Ask your comic book shop to stock them, or write to us for back issues! Better yet, SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic)!

We want letters! Write to:

CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 489
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS:

CRYPT OF TERROR "#18" (#2, 1950)

"The Maestro's Hand!"

Al Feldstein

"The Living Corpse"

Wally Wood

"Madness at Manderville"

Harvey Kurtzman

"Mute Witness to Murder!"

Johnny Craig

Women are known as the talkative sex, but I never fully realized the power of the *unspoken* word until I became a...

MUTE WITNESS

to MURDER!



IT WAS THE EVENING OF OUR SECOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND STEVE AND I HAD JUST RETURNED TO OUR APARTMENT AFTER A GLORIOUS ROUND OF THE MANY NIGHT SPOTS! IT WAS ALMOST 3 A.M.... BUT I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT TIRED...

OH, STEVE... IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL ANNIVERSARY!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HAPPY, PAM... BUT DON'T FORGET I HAVE TO WORK TOMORROW! WHAT SAY WE GO TO BED?



OH, NOT YET, STEVE... I'M TOO HAPPY AND EXCITED TO SLEEP! YOU GO... I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!

OH... OKAY! BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG, PAM!



STEVE WENT INTO OUR BEDROOM. I MOVED TO THE WINDOW AND STOOD LOOKING OUT. AT THE STARS AND SKY, AT A LIGHTED WINDOW ACROSS THE COURT. AND I WONDERED IF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE WERE AS HAPPY AS I...



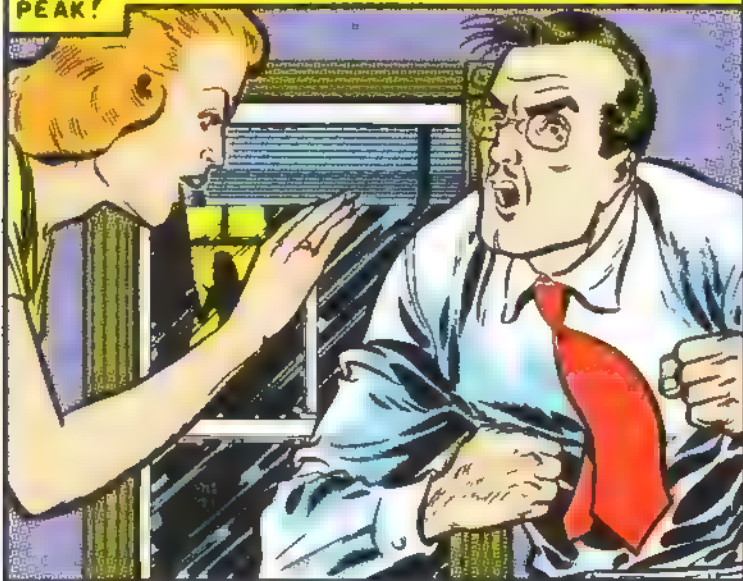
I WATCHED AS A MAN AND WOMAN MOVED BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF THEIR WINDOW. THEY WERE ARGUING.



MY FEELING OF HAPPINESS FLED... AND IN ITS PLACE THERE GREW A FEELING OF DREAD... A PREMONITION! SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN... I KNEW IT... AND I WAS AFRAID!



I WATCHED SPELLBOUND! THE MAN WAS GESTURING WILDLY, AND THOUGH I COULDN'T HEAR HIS WORDS, I KNEW THEIR ARGUMENT HAD REACHED A DANGEROUS PEAK!



SUDDENLY THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIS HAND... HE RAISED HIS ARM AND STRUCK HIS WIFE A HEAVY BLOW! SHE GRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR... AND I KNEW SHE WAS DEAD! BEFORE MY EYES, THIS MAN HAD MURDERED HIS WIFE!



I WAS PARALYZED! I WANTED TO YELL... TO SCREAM FOR HELP! I WANTED TO RUN TO STEVE AND TELL HIM ABOUT THIS HORRIBLE THING I HAD SEEN! I WANTED TO MOVE... BUT I COULDN'T!



SUDDENLY THE SPELL BROKE! I WHIRLED... STEVE WAS WATCHING ME FROM THE BEDROOM DOORWAY... WITH A PUZZLED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!



I OPENED MY MOUTH TO BLURT OUT TO STEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN! I OPENED MY MOUTH TO SPEAK... BUT NOTHING HAPPENED! MY LIPS MOVED... BUT NO SOUND CAME OUT! I COULDN'T TALK! I HAD BEEN STRUCK DUMB!



I COULDN'T SPEAK! I TRIED, BUT IT WAS NO USE! THE SHOCK OF SEEING A MURDER COMMITTED HAD CAUSED ME TO LOSE MY VOICE!

PAM, FOR HEAVENS SAKE, TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG! **TELL ME!**



SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH YOU, PAM! YOU STAY QUIET... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I WANT TO GET A DOCTOR! YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!



STEVE RETURNED A FEW MOMENTS LATER TO FIND ME SLUMPED ON THE COUCH! I WAS STILL TREMBLING...

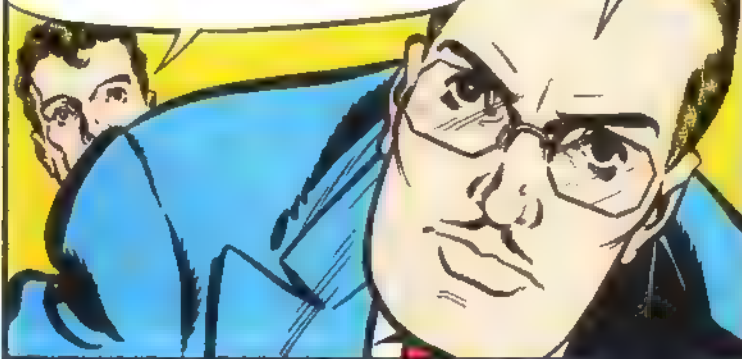
PAM PAM, DARLING! I'VE BROUGHT DR. BASK TO EXAMINE YOU. HE LIVES HERE IN OUR BUILDING...



I SLOWLY TURNED TO FACE DR. BASK... FOR A MOMENT HIS FACE BLURRED. BUT IT SUDDENLY CAME INTO SHARP FOCUS! MY HEART KNOTTED AND BLOOD HAMMERED IN MY HEAD... FOR I FOUND MYSELF STARING INTO THE EYES OF THE MAN WHO HAD JUST KILLED HIS WIFE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOCTOR! SHE WAS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AND SUDDENLY BECAME THIS WAY... LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF **SHOCK!** SHE CAN'T EVEN TALK!

LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW? HMMM...



DR. BASK WENT TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT. WHEN HE TURNED TO US AGAIN I SAW IN HIS EYES THAT HE **KNEW** WHAT I HAD SEEN...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER, DR. BASK?

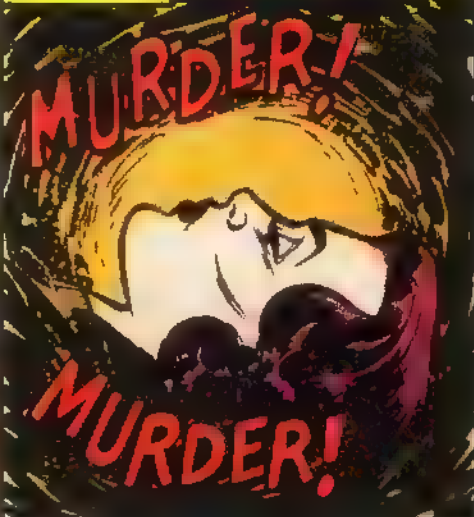
ER... **SHOCK!** POSSIBLY TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN ON HER NERVES IN SOME WAY!...COULD HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY **ANY THING!** I'LL GIVE HER A SEDATIVE NOW... MAKE HER SLEEP!



I TRIED TO FIGHT AGAINST BEING GIVEN A SEDATIVE, BUT WITH STEVE HOLDING ME, THINKING IT FOR MY OWN GOOD, IT WAS USELESS...

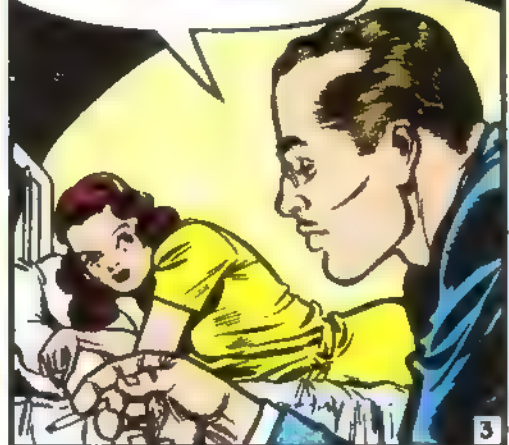


I FELT DROWSY IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...DURING WHICH TIME THE DOCTOR CONCLUDED HIS EXAMINATION. A MOMENT LATER I WAS ASLEEP...



I SLEPT LONG AND I AWOKE WITH A START..TO FIND DR. BASK BENDING OVER ME! I WAS NOT IN MY HOME...

AH, YOU'RE AWAKE, MY DEAR! NOW LIE QUIETLY AND THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE! THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WISH TO SAY...



I *KNOW* YOU SAW ME MURDER MY WIFE...AND YOU'RE THE *ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS!* AS LONG AS YOU CAN'T CONTACT ANYONE, I'M SAFE! THAT IS WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY SANITARIUM! I TOLD YOUR HUSBAND AND EVERYONE HERE THAT YOU ARE A VIOLENT MENTAL CASE AND ARE TO BE KEPT HERE IN CONFINEMENT... UNTIL I CAN "CURE" YOU!

YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE .NO ONE WILL HARM YOU! YOU WON'T BE DISTURBED EXCEPT FOR THE ATTENDANT WHO COMES TO FEED YOU! YOU SEE, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FEED *YOURSELF* BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TIE YOU UP IN THIS STRAIGHT-JACKET! I DON'T WANT YOUR HANDS FREE TO WRITE NOTES TO THE ATTENDANT!

OF COURSE, THE ATTENDANT WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU'RE "CRAZY," HA! HA! BUT I BELIEVE IN TAKING PRECAUTIONS! HEY! STOP THAT! CAN'T LET HIM PUT ME IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET! I'VE GOT TO GET *OUT* OF HERE!

I STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY BUT DR. BASK OVERPOWERED ME! IN A FEW MOMENTS I FOUND MYSELF TRUSSED, HELPLESS, ON THE BED. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT. MY HEART...CAN'T TAKE MUCH PHYSICAL EXERTION! MY MEDICINE! MUST TAKE MY MEDICINE.

AH! I FEEL ALL RIGHT NOW! MY DEAR, EVEN IF YOU *HAD* OVERPOWERED ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LEAVE THIS ROOM BECAUSE THE DOOR CAN ONLY BE OPENED OR CLOSED BY A GUARD IN THE CONTROL OFFICE PUSHING A BUTTON! EVERYTHING IS AUTOMATIC...

...AND THE GUARD ONLY OPENS OR CLOSES THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO MY VOICE WHEN I SPEAK THROUGH THIS TRANSMITTER HERE BY THE DOOR! THERE IS A SIMILAR ONE OUTSIDE! IT'S HOPELESS! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE NOW! OH, STEVE, IF ONLY YOU KNEW! IF ONLY YOU COULD HELP ME!

HEANIGSON?... THIS IS DR BASK IN ROOM 3 CB... OPEN THE DOOR, WILL YOU PLEASE YES, SIR!

GOODBYE, PAMELA... :SOB: :SOB:

I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT.

STEVE SOB STEVE
WHY WON'T YOU HELP ME?
SOB IF ONLY I COULD
SPEAK. TELL SOMEONE!
BUT I CAN'T! IT'S
HOPELESS HOPELESS!



THE FEMALE ATTENDANT TENDED
AND FED ME REGULARLY. WHEN I
TRIED TO SPEAK, SHE WOULD PAT ME
ON THE SHOULDER AND SMILE. BUT
JUST TO HUMOR ME! SHE THOUGHT
I WAS CRAZY TOO!



SURE, KID,
SURE... TOUGH,
AIN'T IT? WHY
DON'T YOU
TAKE A NAP
NOW?

...AND THEN SHE'D LEAVE AND I'D BE
ALONE AGAIN.

HEANIGSON? THIS IS NURSE
BROWN. OPEN UP, WILL YOU?

OKAY,
BROWN..



DAYS PASSED MONOTONOUSLY. MY NERVES WERE ON EDGE
AND I SOMETIMES CRIED SO HYSTERICALLY THAT I
THOUGHT I MIGHT REALLY BE INSANE! AFTER MANY DAYS,
I RECEIVED A VISIT FROM DR. BASK

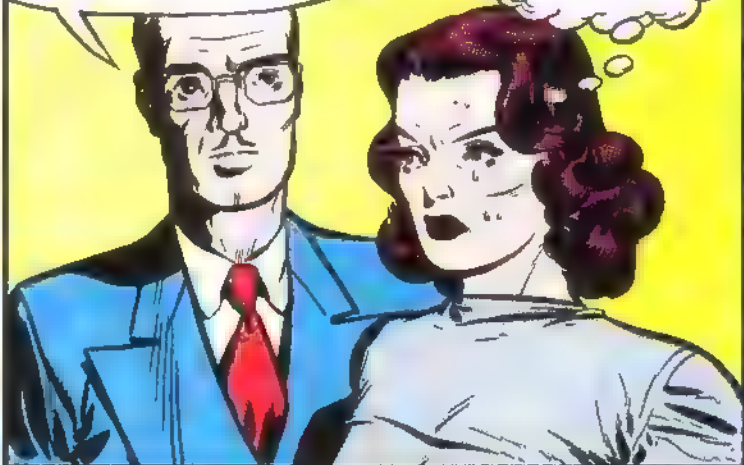
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, MY DEAR?
SORRY I HAVEN'T DROPPED IN TO
SEE YOU, BUT I'VE BEEN QUITE
BUSY! I CAME TODAY TO TELL
YOU SOME RATHER BAD NEWS!

BAD NEWS?
WHAT DOES HE
MEAN? HAS ANYTHING
HAPPENED TO
STEVE?



ANY TIME NOW THE SHOCK YOU
EXPERIENCED MAY WEAR OFF AND
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SPEAK
AGAIN! THAT WOULD BE VERY
DANGEROUS TO ME! SO, FOR MY
OWN PROTECTION, MY DEAR...
I SHALL HAVE TO KILL YOU!

KILL ME ???
OH, WHAT
WILL I DO? I DON'T
WANT TO DIE! I'VE
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!



IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE! I'VE SCHEDULED
YOU FOR A **BRAIN OPERATION** TO-
MORROW. WHICH I WILL PERFORM! ONE
SLIP OF THE SCALPEL AND.



...AND I WILL HAVE RID MYSELF OF THE
ONE PERSON WHO COULD SEND ME TO
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! IT WILL BE A
'REGRETTABLE ACCIDENT!' HA! HA!



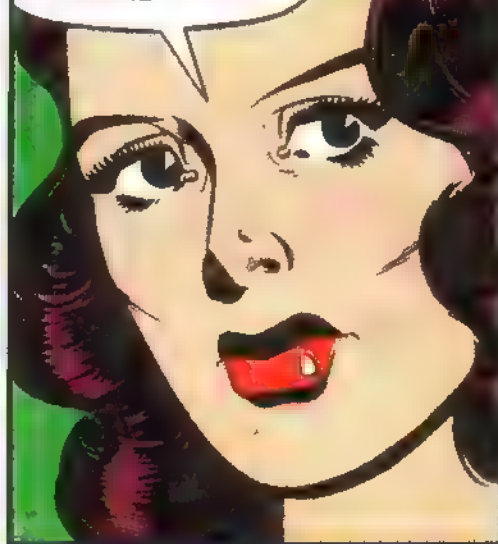
DR. BASK LEFT AND I THREW MYSELF ON THE BED, CRYING IN MY DESPAIR.



I SPOKE! MY VOICE HAS COME BACK! I CAN SPEAK AGAIN! OH, THANK HEAVEN, I CAN SPEAK! THERE'S HOPE LEFT! I'LL TELL NURSE BROWN AND **NO!**



I **CAN'T** TELL ANYONE! THEY STILL THINK I'M CRAZY! THEY'LL TELL DR. BASK MY VOICE HAS RETURNED AND THERE MUST BE **ANOTHER WAY!**



ALL NIGHT LONG I LAY AWAKE, TRYING TO THINK OF A MEANS OF ESCAPE. BUT WHEN DR. BASK CAME THE NEXT MORNING, I STILL HAD NOT FORMULATED A PLAN..

I MUST REMEMBER **NOT TO SPEAK!** IF I SPEAK **ONCE.. I'M DOOMED!**

WE'VE YET SOME TIME BEFORE YOUR OPERATION, MRS WORTH, BUT I'M GOING TO RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR STRAIGHT-JACKET NOW!



AS DR. BASK LOOSENEED THE STRAPS, I REALIZED THAT THESE WOULD BE MY LAST FEW LIVING MOMENTS...FOR ONCE INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM, I WAS LOST! NOW WAS THE TIME...HERE WAS MY CHANCE...MY **ONLY CHANCE!** I LEAPED!



I FOUGHT VICIOUSLY! I KNEW I WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF MY CELL, BUT STILL I FOUGHT! SUDDENLY..



HE HAD A HEART ATTACK! HE FELL HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR, HIS HANDS FUMBLING IN HIS POCKETS...TRYING TO FIND HIS LIFE-SAVING MEDICINE! A STUNNED LOOK CAME INTO HIS EYES...

!GASP! MY.. MY MEDICINE! I...DON'T HAVE IT...! DON'T HAVE MY MEDICINE! !GASP! I'LL I'LL DIE!



A FLOOD OF THOUGHTS RAN THROUGH MY MIND AS HE LAY THERE, GASPING! WITH DR. BASK DEAD, I'D BE ABLE TO TELL ANOTHER DOCTOR WHAT HAPPENED...THEY'D EXAMINE ME AND FIND THAT I WAS *NOT* INSANE!

PAMELA...CALL HEANIGSON...TELL HIM...MY MEDICINE...MY...OH...I FORGOT...YOU...YOU CAN'T SPEAK!

BUT...
BUT I
CAN
SPEAK...



PLEASE...I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU! **GASP!** I'LL SET YOU FREE!...TURN MYSELF OVER TO THE POLICE...I...I PROMISE! JUST...JUST CALL HEANIGSON! **GASP!**

I...I'M
SORRY,
DR. BASK...



WHAT!? THEN...CALL HEANIGSON...JUST PUSH THE LITTLE BUTTON...TELL HIM...MY...MY MEDICINE! HURRY...PLEASE HURRY...

I'M...I'M SORRY, DR. BASK... BUT TO SAVE *MY* LIFE I MUST LET *YOU* DIE! IT'S... IT'S THE ONLY WAY...



BUT...YOU *CAN'T* JUST LET... ME *DIE!* SAVE ME...PLEASE! MY MEDICINE...TELL HEANIGSON...PLEASE...PLEASE...PLEASE!

NO...



PLEASE...

NO...



I TURNED TO THE WALL AND COVERED MY EARS TO KEEP FROM HEARING HIM PLEAD FOR HIS LIFE...AND WHEN I TURNED BACK AGAIN, HE WAS STILL...



HEANIGSON?...THIS IS THE PATIENT IN ROOM 3CB. SEND SOMEONE IN HERE RIGHT AWAY...DR. BASK HAS JUST DIED OF A HEART ATTACK!



-THE
END-



SUBSCRIBE!

THESE NEW 32-PG **EC COMICS** ARE THE BEST YET! DON'T MISS ANY! MAILED IN STURDY MANILA! REACH IN AND PULL OUT. READ IT. **WOW!**

To order, or for more information, write to:
RUSS COCHRAN, PUBLISHER
PO BOX 469

WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

417-256-2224 or call 1-800-EC CRYPT

YES, START MY 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FOLLOWING **NEW EC COMICS**:

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CRYPT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD SCIENCE | <input type="checkbox"/> CRIME |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VAULT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD FANTASY | <input type="checkbox"/> SHOCK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HAUNT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD Sci-Fan | <input type="checkbox"/> TWO-FISTED |

NAME & ADDRESS:

REMIT \$6 EACH (\$9 OUTSIDE US)

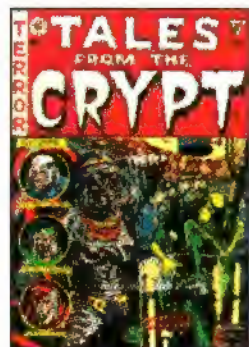
MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

DON'T CUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO! PHOTOCOPY ON YOUR OWN PAPER OKAY!

YET MORE EC COMICS!!

FOR APPROXIMATELY A YEAR, GLADSTONE PUBLISHED A LINE OF **EC** REPRINT COMICS CONSISTING OF THE TITLES SHOWN BELOW. EACH ISSUE CONTAINED 64 PAGES IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR, THE FIRST 32 FROM THE 'KEY' TITLE AND THE LAST 32 FROM A SECOND TITLE. IN ADDITION, THERE ARE OCCASIONAL ARTICLES ABOUT THE MACABRE IN LITERATURE, A THEN-CURRENT LETTER COLUMN AND OTHER READER-WRITTEN FEATURES.

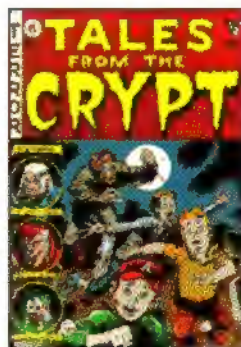
RUSS COCHRAN NOW HAS THE ENTIRE BACKSTOCK OF GLADSTONE'S EC REPRINT LINE! **EVERY ISSUE** IS IN STOCK AND AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. COMPLETE YOUR **EC** COLLECTION BY PURCHASING THESE COMICS!



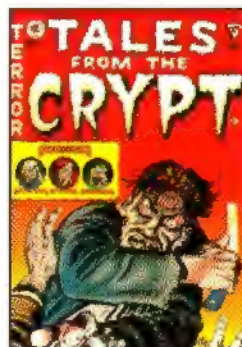
GLAD CRYPT #1



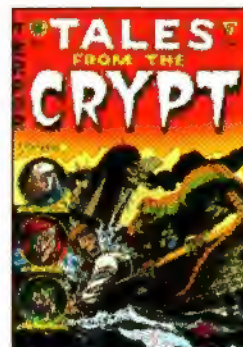
GLAD CRYPT #2



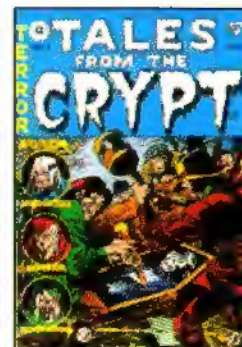
GLAD CRYPT #3



GLAD CRYPT #4



GLAD CRYPT #5



GLAD CRYPT #6



GLAD VAULT #1



GLAD VAULT #2



GLAD VAULT #3



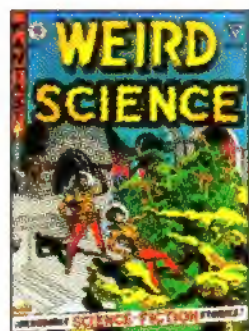
GLAD VAULT #4



GLAD VAULT #5



GLAD VAULT #6



GLAD WEIRD #1



GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



GLAD HAUNT #1



GLAD HAUNT #2

CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

GLAD CRYPT

#1: CRYPT 33 (1952) CRIME 17 (1953)	#2: CRYPT 35 (1953) CRIME 18 (1951)	#3: CRYPT 39 (1953) CRIME 1 (1950)	#4: CRYPT 18 (1950) CRIME 16 (1953)	#5: CRYPT 45 (1954) CRIME 5 (1951)	#6: CRYPT 42 (1954) CRIME 27 (1955)
--	--	---------------------------------------	--	---------------------------------------	--

GLAD VAULT

#1: VAULT 34 (1953) HAUNT 1 (1950)	#2: VAULT 27 (1952) HAUNT 18 (1953)	#3: HAUNT 22 (1953) VAULT 13 (1950)	#4: VAULT 23 (1952) HAUNT 13 (1952)	#5: VAULT 19 (1951) W FAN 8 (1951)	#6: VAULT 32 (1953) W FAN 6 (1951)
---------------------------------------	--	--	--	---------------------------------------	---------------------------------------

GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE

#1: W SCI 22 (1953) W FAN 1 (1950)	#2: W SCI 16 (1953) W FAN 17 (1950)	#3: W SCI 9 (1951) W FAN 14 (1950)	#4: W S-F 27 (1955) W FAN 11 (1952)	#1: HAUNT 17 (1952) W S-F 28 (1955)	#2: HAUNT 5 (1950) W S-F 29 (1955)
---------------------------------------	--	---------------------------------------	--	--	---------------------------------------

WHEN ORDERING, PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **GLAD TITLE ISSUE #**, FOR EXAMPLE "GLAD CRYPT #1." GLAD CRYPT #1 IS \$5.; GLAD CRYPT #4, GLAD WEIRD #1 AND #4 ARE \$4. EACH; ALL OTHER ISSUES ARE \$3. EACH. INCLUDE \$2 PER ORDER FOR S&H (\$3 OUTSIDE US).



Send orders to:

Russ Cochran, Publisher

417-256-2224

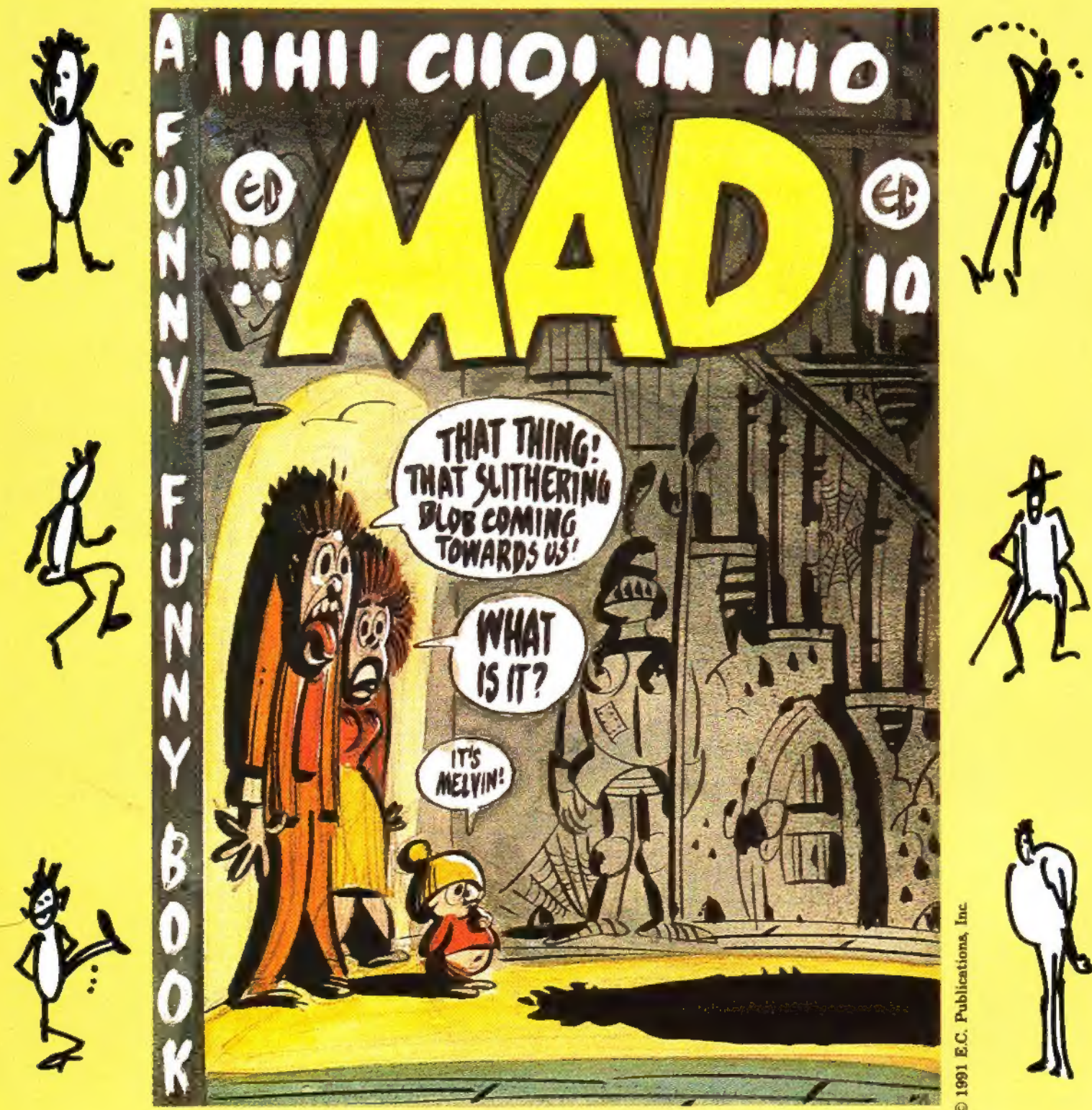
P.O. Box 469

West Plains, MO 65775

Missouri residents must add 6.225% sales tax

OR to order call 1-800-EC CRYPT and ask for the order desk. **USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!**

FOR **MAD** MEN ONLY!



In 1952, the same foul fiends who produced the horror comic you now hold entered the humor field with **MAD**, and the rest is history.

Now, the preliminary painting for the cover of the very first issue of **MAD** is available as a limited edition, high quality lithographic print, signed by the artist, the legendary original editor of **MAD**, **Harvey Kurtzman!**

True to form, Harvey signed the lithos "Kurtz" with a doodle of a "man," but over the course of many signings, some of the doodles were done fancier than others. Some examples of these are shown above.

This collector's item is offered in three editions. For the regular madman, there's our regular edition, with the regular signature, in an edition of 750 numbered prints. For the supreme madman, there's a special edition of 100 numbered prints, each with one of the special signatures. And for the completely insane man, there are a mere five "progressive proof sets," each consisting of 27 different prints which detail how succeeding colors were laid down by the lithographer to achieve the final product, all packed in a handsome collector's box.

To top everything off, every print comes with its own 32-page booklet/certificate of authenticity, written by **MAD** historian Maria Reidelbach and containing biographies of 37 **MAD** creators.

So stop reading this ad already and send us \$1.00 for a lovely full-color brochure with complete details on how much you want this print, how outrageously expensive it is, and how you can order!

ANOTHER RAINBOW • Box 2079 • Prescott, AZ 86302